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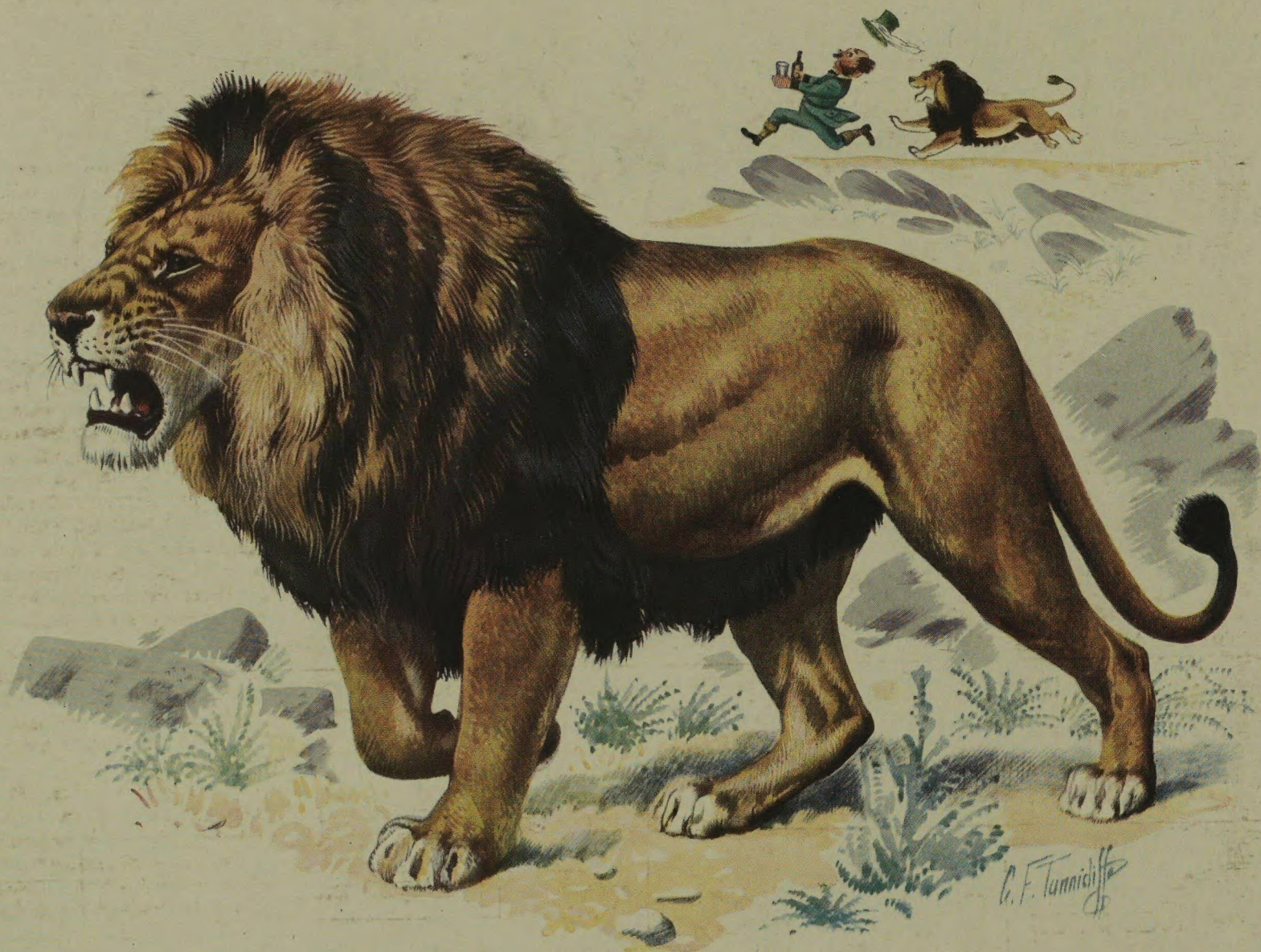
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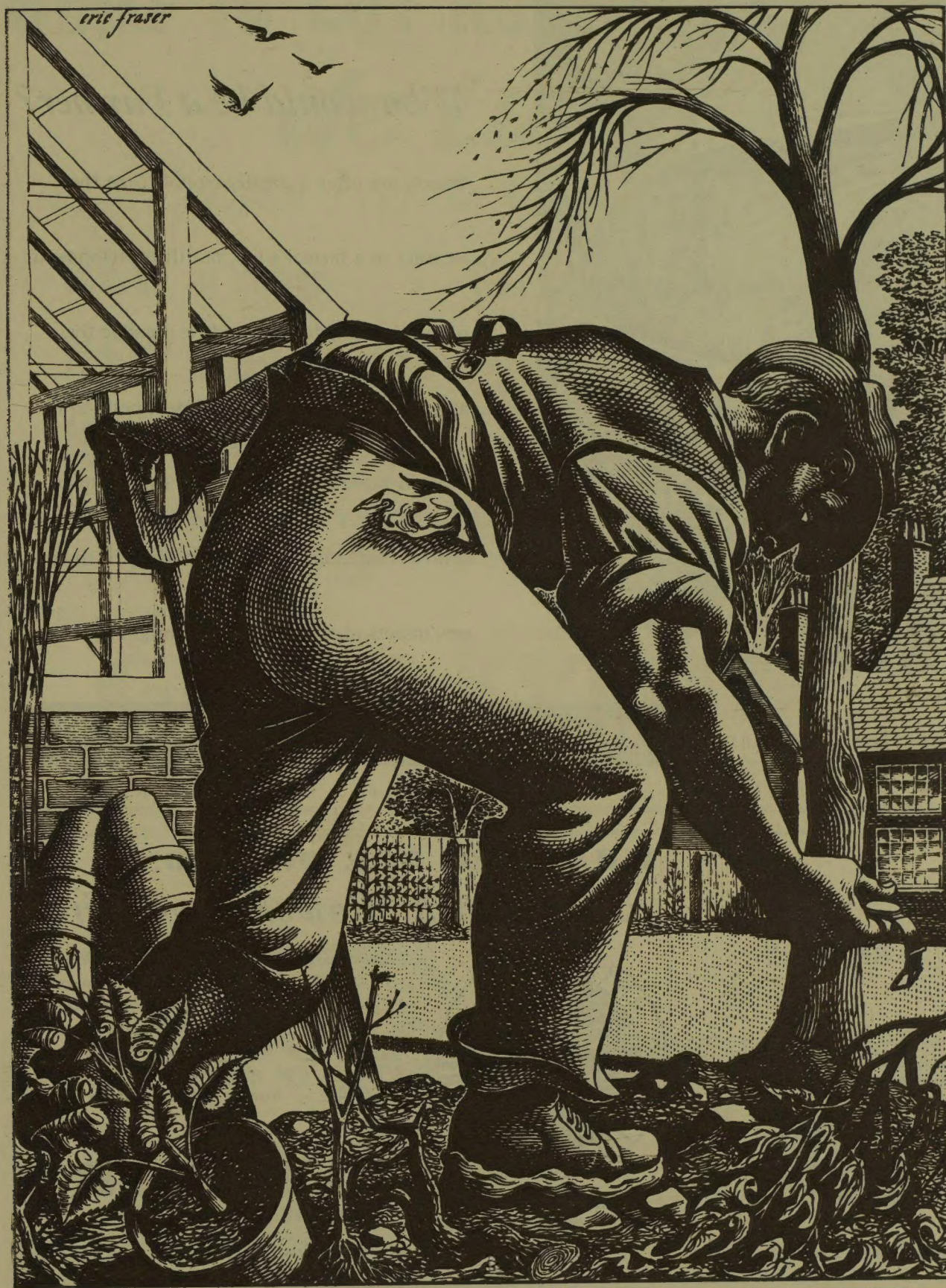
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*Insatiable carnivore!
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Four years buried[★]



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"



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For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 13th when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and — a more personal tragedy — his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

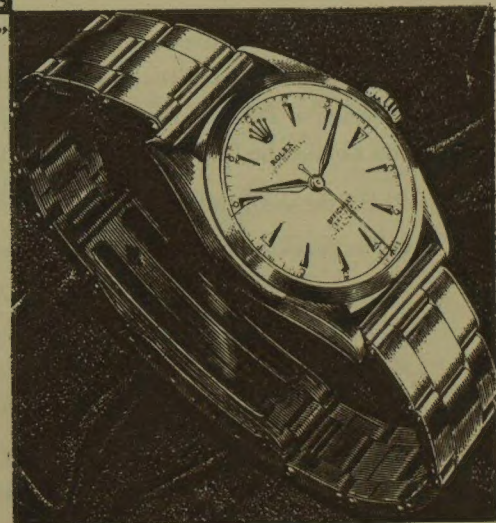
Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up — yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff — and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies — dirt and damp, dust and perspiration — and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want — and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urnston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



To protect the delicate movement, Rolex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case. Employing the safest method of waterproofing — the self-sealing action of one metal on another — the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.



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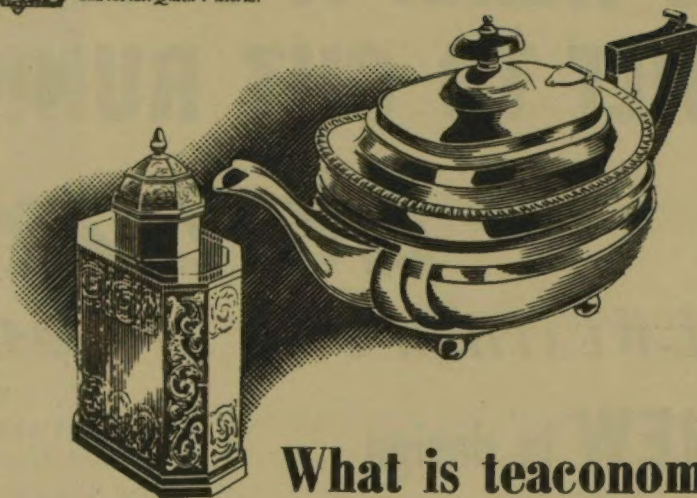
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These representatives of British Industry include Hoover executives, who, between them visit every country in which export business can be done — from Finland to Siam, from Pakistan to Chile — at least once every year. Their sole object is to maintain and increase Hoover exports—Electric Cleaners, Washing Machines,

Polishers, F.H.P. Motors, etc. — and some measure of their success is indicated by the fact that shipments of Hoover products are now being despatched regularly to 66 countries in all parts of the world.

It is encouraging to note that during 1951 Hoover exports were about two and a quarter times as large as in 1950, which was itself a record year. Indeed, during 1951, Hoover Limited exported nearly 50% more electric cleaners and 50% more electric washing machines than all other British manufacturers combined.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1952.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN INSIDE THE WESTERN CWM OF MOUNT EVEREST, LOOKING TOWARDS LHOTSE: A VIEW FROM THE SWISS EXPEDITION'S ADVANCED CAMP III.

The news that a reconnoitring assault of the Swiss Expedition to Mount Everest from advance Camp VII. (27,560 ft.) on the south-east ridge had reached a point not far from the mountain's south summit, 28,550 ft., was issued by Dr. Wyss-Dunant, leader of the expedition, on May 28, and reached this country on June 21. In our issue of May 31 we recorded the establishment of four high camps in April, and that at last the mysterious Western Cwm had been entered. We are now

able to publish the first photograph taken within the Western Cwm looking towards Lhotse from Camp III. It was obtained on the day that Camp IV. was established well beyond the dark spur descending from the top left corner to the glacier bed. In our issue of June 21 we published drawings reconstructed from sketches illustrating the way in which a crevasse was crossed; and we give some of the latest photographs from the expedition on other pages of this issue.

Published by Arrangement with "The Times."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AMONG the more painful imbecilities and barbarities of that disease of our time, the bureaucratic mentality, is the growing tendency of what are called public authorities to destroy the age-long companionship between man and dog. This arises partly from the desire of those in continuous and habitual authority to exert authority for its own sake—an ugly trait in human nature but one which is, I am afraid, latent in all of us—and partly from a well-meaning desire to remove the inconveniences which attach to the society of dogs. Dogs have to be aired and exercised—and for those who live in flats this is often difficult; dogs are not, by urban standards, hygienic in their habits; dogs, as readers of Shakespeare—a bad sleeper—are so often reminded, bark. Some people mind these manifestations of canine existence more than others, and those who do so complain to the authorities who now rule our lives. And as personal freedom is so little valued by these authorities—as untidy and undesirable a thing it seems to them as a dog's undisciplined habits!—the majority who like dogs and who do not complain of their ways are tacitly ignored and constrained at the plea of the minority who do. So far this tendency affects the poor rather than the better-to-do, for public authorities still have rather more power over the lives of the former than of the latter. But the bounds of tyranny are steadily widening, and a week seldom passes without my hearing of some new and often pathetic case of a poor man being confronted with the choice of doing without his dog or doing without his home. To anyone who has experienced the bond that can exist between man and dog the enforcement by an English authority of such a choice creates a feeling, not only of indignation, but of physical nausea. It is like reading of someone maltreating a child. The vileness of tyranny lies always in the intensity of the suffering it creates in those who are its victims.

No one need keep a dog who does not want one; no one, indeed, who does not, ought to do so. The inconvenience suffered by the existence of dogs in other people's homes and flats is, at the worst, never very great, and, wherever it amounts to a real nuisance, the existing law offers an aggrieved person a remedy. On the purely material levels such inconvenience is probably about offset by the absence of other natural inconveniences which must arise where dogs are not kept. Human beings suffer even greater material loss from rats than they do from one another. It is almost impossible to estimate the amount of damage through depredation and disease which these animals inflict annually on mankind. The instinctive shudder which most men and all women feel at the sight of these hungry creatures is not as irrational as it seems; it is based on a deep-seated, ancestral knowledge of the unceasing war which the rodent population wages against humanity. But for the alliance between dog and man, and the tireless campaign which the former wages against all manner of vermin, civilisation, despite all its scientific achievements, would soon suffer the fate of the people of Hamelin in Browning's poem. A good terrier in a warehouse of grain can save as much food in a year as a combine harvester can gather. I remember mine once proving to an incredulous Pest Infestation Officer—the modern and more costly variant of the older-fashioned rat-catcher—that a neighbour's barn was swarming with rodents whom officialdom, in an oracular but unrealistic correspondence, had declared to exist only in my imagination. Once the door—to which with piercing

yells he led this functionary—was opened, he killed more than twenty in an hour. And had he been allowed to remain there, he would have stayed, I have no doubt, till every rat was dead. Like General O'Connor, rounding up Italians in the Western Desert in 1941, and pleading to be allowed to go on to Tripoli, he wanted to finish the job. Dogs are like that, and they serve mankind.

But a dog's service to man, I believe, can far transcend the material. He can love, and he can evoke love. If terrestrial existence has any purpose but to continue repeating itself in dreary and perennially painful patterns, it is to evoke love and courage. And all my instincts prompt me to believe that this is its real purpose; it is a kind of school, for some inscrutable purpose beyond our comprehension, to train men in these virtues. And a dog proves that love can exist between man and the other animal species of the world. It is, for anyone who has experienced it, a profoundly illuminating revelation. It exposes, as surely as a Hitler or a Stalin, and in such an infinitely happier and less painful way, the fallacy of the ghastly and—for the human race—suicidal heresy that man is justified in worshipping himself. Anyone who has loved a dog has discovered for himself the great truth that that which, residing in some fellow man or woman, can evoke the mighty transformation of love, can reside also in a little bundle of fur on four legs. It is not, in other words, either man or dog which creates the miracle of love: it is something which can enter into man or dog and, being itself perfect and incorruptible, transmute the imperfect and corruptible, with perfection and immortality. It is love itself: the manifestation of the divine, which is neither man nor animal nor anything confined in matter at all. This may seem to be over-refining on the relationship that exists

between a man and a friendly animal; yet it is true. Anyone who has looked into the eyes of a dying dog he has loved will understand its truth. More can enter into matter and pass out of it than matter can ever explain.

I never look into my own dog's eyes without knowing this to be so. He lives, just as I do, and as the meanest, basest criminal awaiting sentence of death does, on two planes. He lives on the material plane, a dog—with all the failings, selfish urgencies and absurdities of a dog, as I do with all the failings, selfish urgencies and absurdities of a man. And he lives on the spiritual plane as a spirit capable of the immortal feelings which only spirits can feel. It is because I love that spirit in him that I love him as a dog with all his doggish failings, selfish urgencies and absurdities, and I believe the reverse to be equally true, that it is this perception of something outside matter in me that enables him to endure me and love me as a man. We cannot have very much longer together, for we have shared each other's company for ten years, and—though I had then no idea of his age—he must, poor hungry waif, have been at least two years old when he first found me. I am sure as I am that he wants his dinner and that I want mine, that he is aware both of that impending separation and of the eternal bond that binds the spirits of all who, shut in matter, have loved one another. Of that love there is no end. It is that assurance, learnt of the painful but revealing experience of love, that makes me, with every year of my life, more and more convinced that Christ was right and that Stalin, like so many other men who have tried to explain and organise human existence without reference to anything but matter, is wrong.

A STATUETTE OF A POODLE WHICH POSED OF ITSELF.



"PIERRE": DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF A BRONZE PORTRAIT SCULPTURE OF A POODLE, BY HERBERT HASELTINE.



"PIERRE": THE FINE PORTRAIT SCULPTURE OF A POODLE, BY HERBERT HASELTINE, THE DISTINGUISHED ANIMAL SCULPTOR.

Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the distinguished animal sculptor, recently completed a bronze statuette of a poodle called *Pierre*, belonging to Dr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice, of New York. "*Pierre*," he writes, "had never posed before; he did not seem to grasp why he should have to stand on a table, and was rather bored. . . . He kept hopping off and trying to leave the room. I had to . . . coax him back into his pose with bribes of biscuits and bits of sugar. He was polite about it all, but not very interested. I returned to the Rices' house the next morning and was preparing my modelling tools, etc., when I heard a scratch at the door. I opened it. In bounded *Pierre* and without more ado ran to the table, jumped up on it and stood there looking at me out of the corner of his eye as if to say 'I have thought over this new game of posing and am delighted to oblige you.' This he certainly did, as that, and the following days, we collaborated together without any hitch. . . . Mr. Haseltine recarved the plaster model out of a block of plaster of Paris and this was cast in bronze. It was then chased by an expert chaser and finally subjected to *patining*, a process which produces final results similar to the *patinas* usually due to the passage of centuries. The statuette is half life-size."

ROYAL FASHIONS AT ASCOT: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE MEETING.



IN A LAVENDER PRINTED SILK DRESS AND A LARGE HAT TO MATCH: THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT ASCOT ON THE FIRST DAY, JUNE 17, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE ROYAL SISTERS: HER MAJESTY IN A BLACK CORDED SILK COAT AND WHITE HAT ON THE SECOND DAY, AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN WHITE MINK OVER A BLACK DRESS.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING ON JUNE 19: HER MAJESTY WORE AN ALL-GREY ENSEMBLE ON GOLD CUP DAY.

Her Majesty the Queen, although still in half-mourning, wore light dresses on several days at Ascot. On the first day she chose a lavender ensemble with a large hat, the brim rising to allow her face to be seen. On the second day she wore a black and white ensemble with a small white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. On Gold Cup day she was in an all-grey outfit, of taffeta, with a silver-blue mink cape and a hat of Baku straw; and on the last day she wore a most becoming close fitting hat of massed lilies of the valley. The Royal party remained



WITH A SMALL HAT TRIMMED WITH LILIES OF THE VALLEY AND A FUR CAPE OVER A LIGHT DRESS: THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT ASCOT ON THE LAST DAY, JUNE 20, WITH THE DUKE.

until after the last race every day, and visited the paddock. The Queen created a precedent on the last day by remaining outside the paddock ring to watch the horses parade before the Wokingham Stakes. Princess Margaret, who came every day to the meeting, wore a black chiffon dress on the second day under a white mink coat and chose a tiny cap of white *broderie anglaise*. The weather was inclined to be windy and racegoers found small hats more comfortable than "cartwheels"; while many women wore coats over their light dresses.



PRECEDING BY OUTRIDERS: THE ROYAL PROCESSION DOWN THE COURSE—WITH HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE LEADING CARRIAGE DRAWN BY GREYS, AND PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN THE SECOND, FOLLOWED BY CARRIAGES CONTAINING MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.

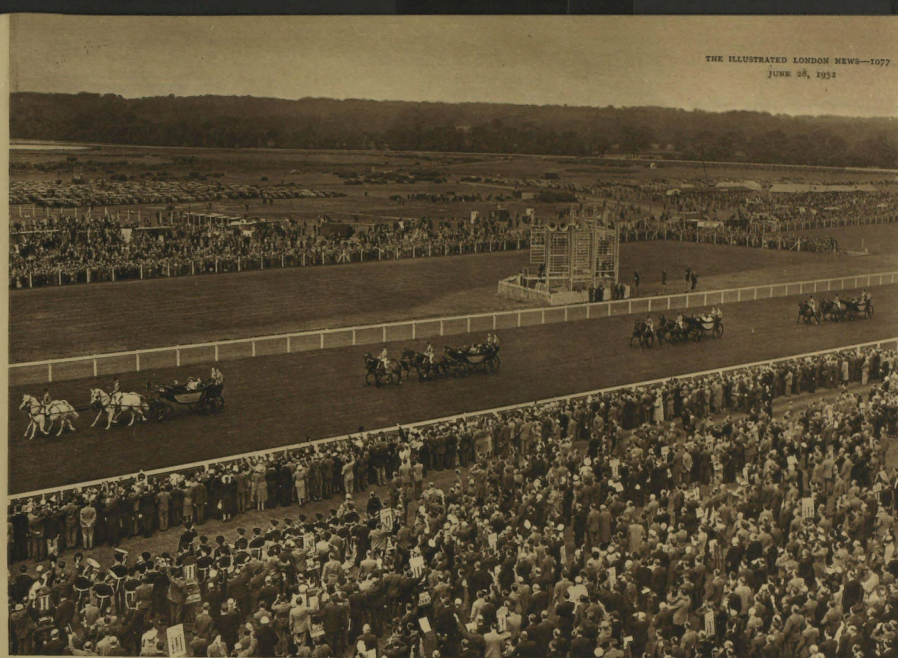


THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE FIRST ROYAL ASCOT OF THE NEW REIGN. HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE SHOWN SEATED IN THE ROYAL BOX, ON THE LEFT, WHICH IS DECORATED WITH A MAGNIFICENT ROW OF BLUE HYDRANGEAS.

THE FIRST ROYAL ASCOT OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: THE SPLENDID PAGEANTRY

This year's Royal Ascot was a meeting of special significance—the first Ascot of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II., whose enthusiasm for racing is well known. The weather, though it kept fine for practically all the four days, was not very warm, so that, as a fashion parade, the Ascot of 1952 was not as colourful as it has been in other years. But visibility was good, and on the opening day,

when shortly after 2 o'clock the Royal party drove through the Golden Gates and down the course, the traditional progress has never looked more beautiful. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in the first carriage, drawn by greys, with the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort. Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal were in the second carriage, followed by carriages



CHEERED BY HUGE CROWDS: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME AS THEY DRIVE DOWN THE COURSE, FOLLOWED BY CARRIAGES CONTAINING PRINCESS MARGARET, THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



THE PADDOCK ON THE OPENING DAY, SHOWING THE HUGE CROWDS OF MEN IN GREY TOP-HATS, AND WOMEN IN SUMMERY DRESSES, UNDER LIGHT COATS. HER MAJESTY CREATED A ROYAL PRECEDENT BY REMAINING OUTSIDE THE PADDOCK RING BEFORE THE WORKINGHAM STAKES ON THE FRIDAY.

OF THE DRIVE DOWN THE COURSE AND SCENES IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AND THE PADDOCK.

containing members of the Royal party. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were not present on the first day, but came on the three following ones. It was not a backers' meeting—Ascot seldom is—for favourites failed to come home. The Queen's *Stream of Light* was third in the Ribblesdale Stakes on the second day, a race which was won by M. Boussac's *Esquile*, but

French horses did not carry off so many prizes as in past post-war years. The Maharajah of Baroda's *Aquino II.*, which was bred in France, won the Gold Cup from *Eastern Emperor*, with *Talma II.* third. Major D. McCalmont captured the Royal Hunt Cup for the second year in succession when his *Queen of Sheba* came home after an exciting finish.

"OVER THE STICKS" WITH AN INTREPID AMATEUR.

"SPORT FROM WITHIN"; by FRANK ATHERTON BROWN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"SPORT FROM WITHIN" is such a vague and dull title that I can hardly believe that so dashing a horseman as Mr. Frank Brown thought of it. His book, though sprinkled with a certain amount of cheerful general gossip and anecdote, is mainly about hunting, steeplechasing and training. Had that perennially lively author "The Druid" not used it long ago, "Silk and Scarlet" would have been a suitable title. Anyhow, some title should have been found which would give a clue to the contents of this extremely racy volume.

He and his even more celebrated brother Harry were, if not born in the saddle, brought up in a very sporting country house; and even when he was at Eton he and his friends occasionally managed to sneak away to local meetings by being answered for at "Absence," and were in the habit of placing bets with local worthies, and even with a young hopeful in another House who made a book. At that time it might have been predicted of Frank Brown himself that he might possibly, in later life, make a book; but he and those same friends would have been petrified with astonishment had they been told that he would actually write one. However, one can never be sure. There was another boy at Eton in his time who also astonished himself and others by writing a book: that robust character the late Lionel, Lord Tennyson, sometime captain of England at cricket. Mr. Brown was not an eminent athlete at Eton; writing out lines as a punishment was his nearest approach to the literary art; and his only ambition was to get into "Pop." Not for the usual reasons, oh dear, no! But his father had promised him that if he got into "Pop" he could leave school at once. He succeeded, and promptly entered the wider world, which afforded fuller scope for his talents and his huge capacity for enjoyment. Even now he seems to have his doubts about literature and the arts generally. "There is a lot," he observes in retrospect, "to be said for sport as a character former. It is a far better way for a young man to employ his spare time and spend his money than fooling around art galleries, cinemas, cocktail-bars and night clubs. Perhaps it is worse still to sit indoors and absorb second-hand ideas by reading books which are of more value to the publisher, the bookshop and the author than they are to the reader."

Of "spare time" he contrived to secure himself a good share. There was one stiff fence to take, and he took it in his stride. "The male parent's idea was

black, a wire came from the War Office stating a date and time to attend there for an interview. This was my big chance, so I snapped back a telegram saying:

'Sorry, can't come. Riding at Lingfield that day.' This wire did the trick all right. I was struck off the list of probables for the Irish Guards. As war was unthinkable in those days, it looked long odds on being



THE ATHERTON BROWN BROTHERS: HARRY (RIGHT) AND FRANK (THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE) WAITING TO GET UP IN AN AMATEUR RIDERS' RACE AT LINGFIELD. TOWARDS THE END OF THE RACE, FINDING THEMSELVES LAST AND LAST BUT ONE, A DESPERATE CONTEST ENSUED, WITH A POUND AS THE PRIZE FOR WHOEVER SUCCEEDED IN NOT FINISHING LAST.



A PHOTOGRAPH "IN WHICH Colonel II. APPEARS TO BE LOOKING WITH SOME SURPRISE AT MR. CHURCHILL'S CIGAR": "MR. CHURCHILL AND HIS EQUINE PROTOTYPE WHOM HE PROMISED A LIFE OF EASE AMID AGREEABLE FEMININE COMPANY SHOULD HE WIN THE GOLD CUP."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Sport from Within"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hutchinson.

that one son on the turf was as much as the family exchequer could run to, and accordingly there was a conspiracy on foot to get me into the Irish Guards through back-doors, as Army Class and Sandhurst had been successfully side-stepped. So it had to be the back-entrance or civilian life. The battalion which had been stationed at Windsor during my last year at Eton had, for some unaccountable reason, made suggestions that I should join them. As I had no military ambitions and had only just escaped from the captivity of school-life, I could see no percentage whatever in jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Therefore it was necessary to embark on a counter-conspiracy to avoid the captivity of Army life. Just when things were looking particularly

earned a formidable number of wound-stripes: "What with having the top of my skull starred at Wolverhampton, followed by about twenty concussions (including a suspected fracture of the base of the skull), internal injuries at Windsor, and the minor inconveniences of a split shin-bone, a dislocated shoulder, and thirteen broken collar-bones, my riding career had suffered considerable setbacks and interruptions." To some extent he asked for his troubles. His doctor once gave him orders that he was never to do any more steeplechasing, and was not to hunt till the next season. No sooner was he out of hospital than he was riding and winning at Leicester. But joy soon gave place to sorrow. "I was back in the picture again, and incidentally had landed the nice little bet of £700 to £200, but this was not the end of my troubles. In actual fact it had started them all over again, as the violent exertion of the race had started up a splitting

headache, and for some reason or other I was sick out of the window of the car nearly all the way home. My poor mother, when putting me to bed as soon as I arrived home, said, despairingly: 'I'm so glad you won, darling, but why must you always go to extremes. Surely you could have waited until you were fit to ride again.' It occurs to few of us, I conceive, when watching these bold riders under N.H. rules, to reflect that they may have fond mothers who regard them as Problem Children.

After a regular panorama of modern racing and training, including a fair amount about the flat and many taking glimpses of jockeys, Mr. Brown has some practical suggestions to make. One is that hunters' races should be cut out. "These races have been rather a farce for many years, as no one even pretends that nine out of ten of the horses with hunters' certificates are seriously used for fox-catching. Hunters' races are even more of a farce now that point-to-points have become so 'professionalised.' It might be as well to confine hunters to point-to-points for the future, instead of encouraging racehorses to masquerade as hunters at race-meetings."

If ever an author wrote "hell-for-leather" it is this one. "To have a go," says he, "is the essence of life," and he certainly has a go, careering confidently and merrily, animating every race, every bravery, every roguery, every jest, every scene and character which comes to his memory, like a gay and delightful talker. Sometimes "The Druid" is brought to mind, sometimes "Nimrod," sometimes there is a Corinthian air, sometimes there is a faint tang of the late Pink 'Un: but the book is wholly his own—not least, perhaps, as regards his frequent inability to spell people's surnames properly. His merits are charmingly described in a preface by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who hunted with him in the Atherstone country over forty years ago, and "would have predicted that his association with the printed word would be restricted to *The Racing Calendar* and his interest in book-making confined to Tattersall's ring and its unliterary operators."

His illustrations are numerous and excellently chosen. It was a happy thought—and one which will warm the hearts of all his readers—to have a photograph of that most gallant sportsman Lord Mildmay as his frontispiece. And the most popular entries into the racing world since the war are also commemorated.



THE FRONTISPIECE OF MR. BROWN'S BOOK WHICH "WILL WARM THE HEARTS OF ALL HIS READERS": "THAT GREAT AMATEUR RIDER, LORD MILDMAI OF FLETE, A TRUE SPORTSMAN."

There are pictures of Manicou and Monaveen jumping for the Queen and the Queen Mother, and there is a winning group of "Mr. Churchill and his equine prototype" in which Colonel II. appears to be looking with some surprise at Mr. Churchill's cigar. It is a pity that that partnership has been broken up.

* "Sport from Within." By Frank Atherton Brown. With a Foreword by Siegfried Sassoon. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 16s.)

THE SWISS ASSAULT ON EVEREST: MAN'S DARING, AND NATURE'S TERRORS.



A LANDSCAPE OF TERROR: THE PROMONTORY OF EVEREST'S WEST RIDGE, 23,590 FT. THE SWISS EXPEDITION'S ADVANCE CAMP VII. WAS AT 27,560 FT.



A PICTURE WHICH INDICATES THE DIFFICULTIES CLIMBERS MUST OVERCOME WHEN MAKING AN ASSAULT ON EVEREST: SOUTH PASS, 26,250 FT. AND (L.) SOUTH PEAK, 28,700 FT.



HOW MOUNTAINEERS NEGOTIATE GREAT CREVASSES: A MEMBER OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION CROSSING AN APPARENTLY BOTTOMLESS ABYSS BY ROPE BRIDGE.

As recorded on our front page, the Swiss Expedition to Mount Everest reported on May 28 that their first reconnoitring assault from Advance Camp VII. had reached a point not far from the mountain's south summit; and a report from Zurich published on June 23 stated that they had been "within a stone's throw" of their objective. On this page we give some of the latest photographs received from the expedition, illustrating the terrible beauty of Everest. As M. André



AN ICE LANDSCAPE OF ASTONISHING SPLENDOR: "PHANTOM ALLEY," ON KHUMBU GLACIER, WITH PUMORI IN THE BACKGROUND, 13,600 FT.

Roch, a member of the expedition, pointed out in *The Times* on April 2, the south-east ridge runs from South Col to a subsidiary south summit—the summit referred to in the May 28 message. From there a snow-covered ridge runs to the main peak (29,002 ft.). Our photograph of a man on a rope bridge shows how the crevasse, first crossed by Asper (as illustrated in our issue of June 21), was negotiated by the other members of the party.

Published by arrangement with "The Times."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF WATERCOLOURS.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

Bethlem Hospital and who befriended so many young artists of his time, including Girtin, Turner, John Varley and J. R. Cozens. It must be confessed that the amateurs look somewhat tame when compared with Constable or Cotman, but what is remarkable is not that they seem a trifle over-genteel and old-fashioned, but that they reach the standard they do and in such varied styles, as can be seen from the many examples given, largely from the author's own extensive collection.

Sir Hans Sloan, many of which are now at the Natural History Museum, the Victoria and Albert, and at Kew—all this and very much more; including an admirable survey of the caricaturists, Bunbury, Dighton, Cruikshank, Rowlandson and Gillray, whom everybody knows, together with lesser mortals like Woodward and Nixon, of whom not one in a hundred has ever heard. Gillray the political, and Rowlandson the social animal are neatly dissected and ticketed. Cruikshank and Dighton are put in their place as hard-bitten professionals, and the amateur John Nixon, a Basinghall Street merchant, who "specialized in large humorous water-colours containing many figures, which are well-grouped, and have a certain hurly-burly liveliness" is not neglected. H. W. Bunbury is discussed at some length in the chapter devoted to a multitude of amateurs, and I imagine most people will agree that he "was a very pleasant caricaturist, full of broad, good-natured humour, and quite without malice. He avoided political subjects, and drew fat dons being blown about by the wind, odd-looking clergymen at dinner, clumsy horsemen and their uncouth steeds, barbers shaving their customers, and stout citizens out on an angling party (incidentally [and it is in asides like this that Mr. Williams is adept at bringing his narrative to life] he would have revelled in the humour of Harry Tate's *Fishing Sketch*). He had nothing like Rowlandson's power or fluency of draughtsmanship, but his individual figures are full of life, even though their drawing is often weak and though he had no great gift of combining these into a composition.

I have endeavoured in this note to give an indication of the author's leisurely method of dealing with the immense amount of material which he has collected—a method which, with its asides and

"EARLY ENGLISH WATERCOLOURS" is a book of generous proportions, illustrating the works of 264 artists, reproducing 413 drawings and with about 160,000 words of text. Such weighty reference volumes are sometimes not merely difficult to lift but tedious to read, and the first thing to praise about Mr. Iolo A. Williams' historical survey, though not the most important aspect of it, is its manner—easy, lucid, judicious—though whether many, apart from earnest reviewers, will read every page of it is another matter.

The author is well known as a collector of English drawings, and he has brought to his self-imposed and formidable task many years of experience, and just the degree of well-balanced enthusiasm which changes a dry-as-dust catalogue into a lively and stimulating narrative, illuminated by his own scholarly prejudices and theories. Much of what he writes will be familiar enough—after all, he has chosen a ground which has been reasonably well-tilled during the past half-century—but I cannot remember any other work which is at once so detailed and which so neatly pin-points the relationship between the indubitably great and the near and less great, or which wanders off into so many agreeable by-ways of criticism. He pays very great attention to minor artists and devotes a whole chapter to amateurs, "... the number of men and women capable, at least occasionally, of doing a creditable drawing was, after about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, very large. . . . In particular



"ARMED BOATS OFF THE ENGLISH COAST"; BY CHARLES GORE (1729-1807). SIGNED AND DATED 1794. (11½ by 17½ ins.)

Charles Gore is an "amateur of special note in the history of British watercolour. . . . He was a highly-skilled marine draughtsman and about a quarter of his drawings are of the sea and shipping." Others are of ruins in Sicily, which he visited with the antiquarian Richard Payne Knight. He also made many drawings in Italy and in Sussex. The drawing reproduced, formerly in the collection of Richard Payne Knight, is now in the British Museum.

The information provided is encyclopædic, but the encyclopædia rambles on in a manner worthy of the eighteenth century itself, and of the amateurs who adorned it, and it is this leisurely approach which

makes the narrative so engaging—Mr. Williams' hopes of finding such-and-such a drawing, his success on another occasion, the most minute, almost *solito voce* discussion about who was friendly with whom; the fact that Daniel King is known to him by two drawings only, one of the east end of York Minster, the other of the Great Auk, which has the distinction of being the earliest representation of this extinct creature; a reminder that the great Jan Van Huysum, the flower painter, had a brother Jacob, that the British Museum has two

albums containing 250 water-colours of plants by Jacob, and that another foreign flower painter, Ehret, worked for many years in this country, making drawings of plants for the Duchess of Portland, Dr. Mead and



"HOLYWELL MILL, OXFORD, JULY 11, 7 A.M."; BY WILLIAM CROTCH (1775-1847). SIGNED ON BACK AND DATED 1803. (10½ by 14½ ins.)

Dr. William Crotch, musician and amateur artist, was a musical infant prodigy, the subject of a paper read by Dr. Burney to the Royal Society. His watercolours show great talent and he occasionally painted in oils. This sketch is in W. I. A. Williams' collection.

the amateur artists played a part which has never been properly realised in the development of English watercolour." And again: "There were many men and women who were highly cultivated, were interested in the arts, and acquired considerable skill in them, particularly in watercolour, but who, because of their rank, were debarred from following art as a profession. A member of the nobility, or the landed gentry, even (though to a less degree) a professional man such as a parson or a doctor, would in that age have considered it beneath his dignity to make drawings for money or—even more—to perform the semi-menial task (as it then seemed) of giving drawing lessons. The gentleman's part, in the eighteenth-century view, was to patronise art, or, if he himself was talented in that way, to practise it purely as an intelligent and æsthetic recreation."

The many amateur societies of to-day can take heart from the truly formidable list provided by Mr. Williams, beginning with the seventeenth-century Francis Place, and ending with Dr. Monro, physician to



"AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE"; BY LORD AYLESFORD (1751-1812). PEN AND WATERCOLOUR. (8½ by 11½ ins.)

Among the distinguished amateurs discussed by Mr. Iolo A. Williams in "Early English Watercolours" is Heneage Finch, fourth Earl of Aylesford, whom he describes as "an artist of much sensitiveness and delicacy." The drawing we reproduce is in the collection of Mr. A. P. Oppé.

personal enthusiasms, is extremely agreeable as well as informative—and it now remains to say a brief word about his choice of illustrations. A pernickety critic might be tempted to express surprise that, for example, Constable is represented by six, Cotman by seven drawings; John Crome by two, John Smith by four, Richard Wilson by two, Sir George Beaumont by two. It is only fair to point out that if you imagine from this that in Mr. Williams' opinion Sir George is equal to Crome, you will be grossly unfair to Mr. Williams. He explains that "the number of reproductions allotted to an artist is not to be taken as an exact measure of his importance. A minor draughtsman may be much more variable, and so in need of fuller illustration, than one artistically his superior." True enough; and with this in mind, the fine series of 413 reproductions can be studied with both profit and entertainment. One man, at any rate, has enjoyed the book enormously and believes it will be a standard reference book for many years to come. One small error: Van de Velde, the Elder, did *not* paint only in monochrome. This is an ancient heresy disposed of several years ago, and both father and son were in this country by 1673, not 1675.



"PATIENCE IN A PUNT"; BY HENRY WILLIAM BUNBURY (1750-1811), A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH AMATEUR ARTIST. (8½ by 11½ ins.)

"Bunbury was a very pleasant caricaturist, full of broad, good-natured humour and quite without malice." This drawing is one of two fishing subjects by him. It belongs to Mr. L. G. Duke and, in common with the other illustrations on this page, is reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, from "Early English Watercolours," reviewed on this page.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Early English Watercolours and Some Cognate Drawings by Artists born not later than 1785." By Iolo A. Williams. One Coloured and 100 Monochrome Plates. (The Connoisseur; £5 5s.)

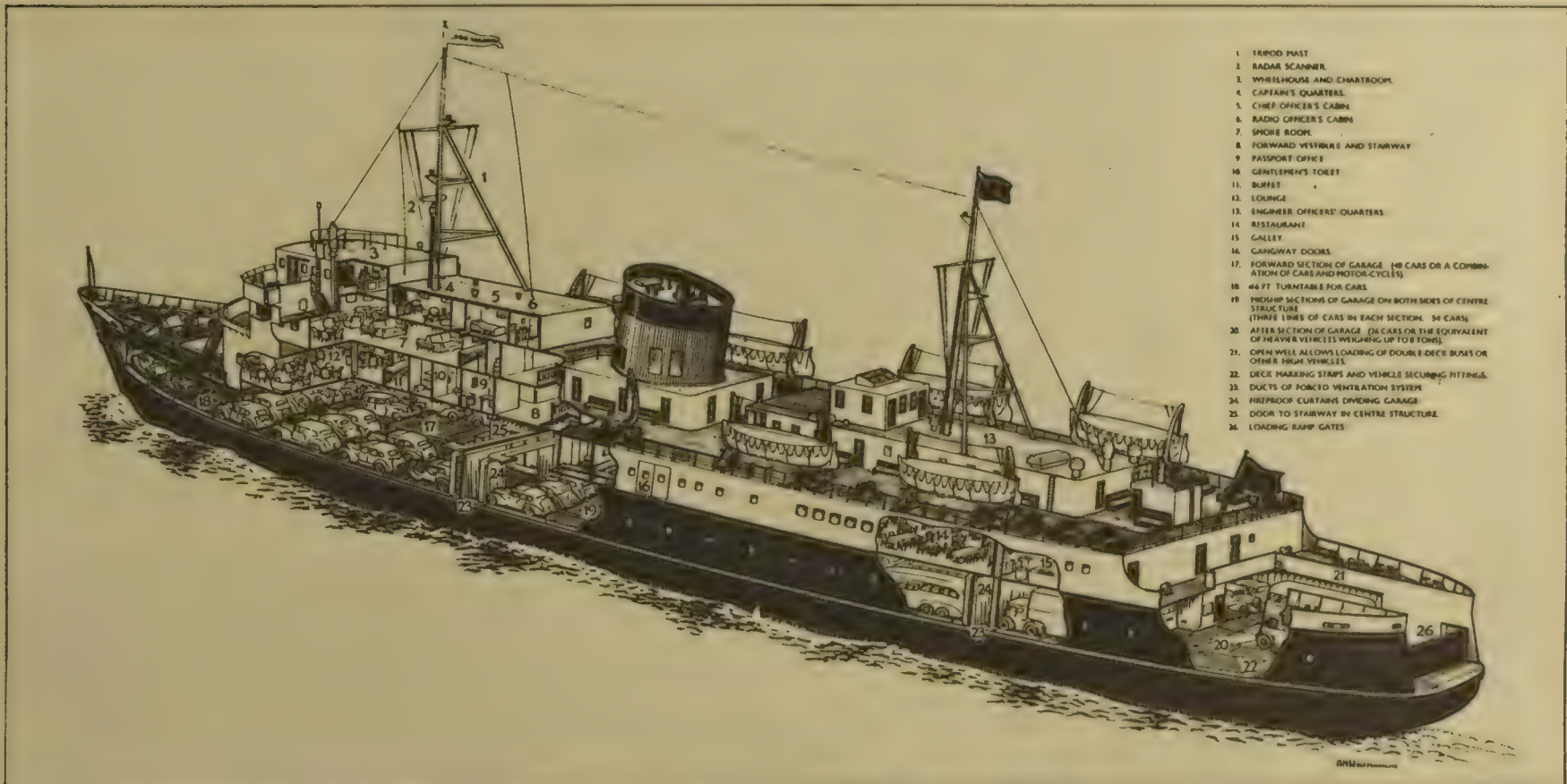
BRITISH RAILWAYS' LATEST AND LARGEST CAR FERRY: DETAILS OF THE LORD WARDEN.



BRITISH RAILWAYS' LATEST AND LARGEST CAR FERRY: THE S.S. LORD WARDEN, WHICH WAS BROUGHT INTO SERVICE ON THE DOVER-BOULOGNE ROUTE ON JUNE 17.



DESIGNED ON THE "FIRST-ON-FIRST-OFF" PRINCIPLE: A VIEW OF THE GARAGE IN THE LORD WARDEN SHOWING THE TURNTABLE IN FOREGROUND.



1. TURRET MAST
2. RADAR SCANNER
3. WHEELHOUSE AND CHARTROOM
4. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS
5. CHIEF OFFICER'S CABIN
6. RADIO OFFICER'S CABIN
7. SPOKE ROOM
8. FORWARD VESTIBULE AND STAIRWAY
9. PASSPORT OFFICE
10. GENTLEMEN'S TOILET
11. BUFFET
12. LOUNGE
13. ENGINEER OFFICER'S QUARTERS
14. RESTAURANT
15. GALLEY
16. GANGWAY DOORS
17. FORWARD SECTION OF GARAGE (40 CARS OR A COMBINATION OF CARS AND MOTORCYCLES)
18. 46 FT. TURNTABLE FOR CARS
19. MIDSHIP SECTION OF GARAGE ON BOTH SIDES OF CENTRE STRUCTURE (THREE LINES OF CARS IN EACH SECTION: 34 CARS)
20. AFTER SECTION OF GARAGE (24 CARS OR THE EQUIVALENT OF HEAVY VEHICLES WEIGHING UP TO 8 TONS)
21. OPEN WELLS ALLOWING LOADING OF DOUBLE-DECK BUSES OR OTHER HIGH VEHICLES
22. DECK MARKING STRIPS AND VEHICLE SECURING FITTINGS
23. DUCTS OF FORCED VENTILATION SYSTEM
24. FIREPROOF CURTAINS DIVIDING GARAGE
25. DOOR TO STAIRWAY IN CENTRE STRUCTURE
26. LOADING RAMP GATES

GIVING DETAILS OF THE ACCOMMODATION FOR 120 CARS AND 1000 PASSENGERS ABOARD THE LORD WARDEN: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF BRITISH RAILWAYS' NEW CROSS-CHANNEL CAR FERRY SHOWING THE FOLDING STEEL DOORS AT THE STERN THROUGH WHICH THE VEHICLES ARE DRIVEN ASHORE OVER A RAMP.



THE LORD WARDEN ARRIVES AT BOULOGNE: A VIEW SHOWING THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED RAMP BEING LOWERED ON TO THE STERN OF THE SHIP TO DISEMBARK VEHICLES.



THE FIRST CAR LEAVES THE LORD WARDEN AT BOULOGNE: MR. J. ELLIOT, CHAIRMAN, RAILWAY EXECUTIVE, AND OTHER OFFICIALS DRIVING UP THE NEW LANDING-RAMP.



LEAVING BOULOGNE ON THE RETURN JOURNEY: THE LORD WARDEN UNDER WAY, SHOWING THE UNLOADING RAMP ON THE QUAYSIDE IN THE CLOSED POSITION.

On June 17 the S.S. *Lord Warden*, British Railways' latest and biggest car ferry, which accommodates 120 cars and 1000 passengers, was brought into service on the Dover-Boulogne cross-Channel route. This 3333-ton twin-screw turbine ship is 361 ft. 6 ins. long, and was built and engined by Messrs. William Denny and Brothers. Designed on the "first-on-first-off" principle, the garage in the *Lord Warden* is equipped with a turntable to enable cars to be swung round and

returned along one side of the vessel ready for driving off through the folding steel doors at the stern and over a ramp which has been specially constructed at Boulogne. A similar ramp is to be built at Dover which, it is anticipated, will be ready by 1953 and also, eventually, one at Calais. A clear deck height of 10 ft. 6 ins. over the major portion of the car space allows motor-coaches to be carried, in addition to which there is room for a number of double-decker buses.

IF asked to name the blackest week of the Second World War, some might choose the last week of June, 1940. It confirmed the defeat of France and left Britain without a combatant ally. It was, in a sense, worse than the week of Dunkirk, because that had not closed the Continent, and, in fact, Britain was still prepared, after the disaster, to build up a fresh expeditionary force and continue the struggle by the side of France. In certain respects the last week of June, 1942, ten years ago, seems to mark the nadir most clearly. The world situation was deplorable. The great German offensive had been launched at Kursk, and within a couple of days it was clear that the Russians had suffered a defeat as heavy as that of the first stage of the previous year's campaign. To many it appeared probable that Hitler would atone for his last-minute failure of the previous year and ruin Russian power irretrievably. Catastrophe on catastrophe had occurred in the Far East. One consolation had been what Professor Morison describes as "the first really smashing defeat inflicted on the Japanese Navy in modern times" in the Battle of Midway, yet there was little to suggest that this was more than an isolated incident, as for some time it proved to have been.

The retreat to El Alamein had been profoundly distressing and disturbing in the moral as well as in the material sense. Britain had lost a battle which had promised well, and which the public had been given to understand was likely to be won. Even that was not the whole of the gloomy story. The loss of a hard-fought battle is one thing, the collapse of a defence such as occurred at Tobruk, another. At Tobruk it had not been found possible even to destroy the fuel, which was one of Rommel's main objectives, and besides some 45,000 prisoners and 400 guns, great quantities of excellent transport vehicles, of supplies, and of preserved food had fallen into German hands. If the Battle of Knightsbridge had been a military calamity, the fall of Tobruk had appeared to be also a moral humiliation. But for the Desert Air Force, the retreat of the Eighth Army would probably have been turned into a complete rout, and certainly great numbers of troops would have been caught on foot after their transport had been destroyed.

The Navy was forced to abandon Alexandria as its base, though it did maintain some light forces there. Great numbers of people, especially Englishwomen and their children, were packed off in haste to Palestine and elsewhere. The Delta was organised into defensive

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TEN YEARS AGO AT EL ALAMEIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

German defeat to a German victory, and that these men practised sabotage when they could. I think he may be underrating the effect of the stretching-out of his communications, which was, of course, part and parcel of his whole problem and the inevitable effect of an offensive as successful as that which he had carried out. Whatever the faults and errors of the Italians, and they were many, there can be no doubt that the German participants in the campaigns in North Africa find them handy whipping-boys.

It must be remembered that the Italian mercantile marine, which had borne the whole burden of supplying the Axis armies in North Africa, had suffered very severe loss from naval—both surface and submarine—and from air attacks. The best and fastest ships had in many cases been sunk, so that it had become necessary to fall back upon the old, the small and the

secondary rôle. The effort to insure victory in the Middle East may have been more than he could afford in the circumstances. It is all very well to talk of sending two or three more divisions; that is very much an amateur conception if not related to the communications. When the British had to face the revolt in Waziristan in 1919 it took them about five months to assemble the troops required to put it down, largely because even the indifferent broad-gauge railway ended at the Indus and everything had to be carried across the great river by boat or ferry. It would be absurd to say in criticism that the Germans had concentrated thirty-four army corps and ten cavalry divisions in a few days against France in 1914. At the stage which the war had reached when Rommel launched his last great offensive, and taking into consideration German commitments at the time, it seems to me possible to argue that Germany could scarcely have afforded to put more into the Mediterranean than she did.

By this I do not mean to suggest that the importance of the Mediterranean was underrated. It is, in my view, almost impossible to overrate it. From the point of view of the Axis the right policy would have been to obtain control of the Mediterranean immediately after the fall of France. We know that

"Operation Felix," for the capture of Gibraltar, was taken very seriously by Hitler and his planners; we also know that the most difficult obstacle in his path was General Franco, who would not co-operate. It seems possible, however, that control of the Mediterranean might have been established without Spanish co-operation if a really powerful German Air Force had been transferred there, if the Germans had dealt more cleverly and tactfully with their Italian partners—and, of course, if the attack on Russia had been postponed until the main operations against Britain in the Mediterranean had been completed. The British Royal Navy would still have had to be defeated, but it had come perilously near to defeat by the last week of June, 1942, without a supreme effort on the part of Germany.

These considerations are not out-of-date to-day. The United States failed to realise the importance of the Mediterranean during the Second World War. To-day they understand it. Mr. James A. Field, Jr., the American author of one excellent little book on "The Japanese at Leyte Gulf," who has translated Admiral de Belot's work, discourses on this subject in his introduction in a manner which English readers will appreciate.* The Mediterranean is valuable to-day, just as it was in 1798, when

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE IN HONG KONG.



"THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND IMPRESSIVE PARADE SEEN IN HONG KONG FOR MANY YEARS": THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE ON JUNE 5. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE 1ST BATTALION, THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT, NEARING THE SALUTING-BASE IN GASCOIGNE ROAD, KOWLOON.

Hong Kong was one of many places throughout the Commonwealth at which the Queen's Birthday was celebrated on June 5 by an impressive military parade. The Hong Kong parade took place in Kowloon, with the saluting-base in Gascoigne Road, and comprised units of the armed forces and of the Royal Hong Kong defence forces, followed by six mechanised contingents. It was described as "the most spectacular and impressive parade seen in Hong Kong for many years"; and it was witnessed by tens of thousands of spectators.

slow vessels. The Germans never give the Italians as much credit as is due to them for their sacrifices in keeping this supply service open. Yet it must be confessed that now they had an exceptional opportunity. In the last attempt to revictual Malta only two ships had reached the island out of sixteen that had set out. Malta could help no longer; it was doubtful whether she could even defend herself. As the result of Rommel's advance, the Italian convoys had little to fear from bombers, though still a great deal to fear from submarines. In surface warships the Italian Navy possessed great superiority. The Dodecanese would have furnished a better station for the fleet than Italian ports. The French

Admiral de Belot, who has made a special study of Italian naval affairs, tells us in his recent book, "The Struggle for the Mediterranean," that it had been intended to send it there but that the necessary fuel was not available.

This brings me to consideration of the might-have-been in Egypt. Commentator after commentator has asserted that Hitler lost a wonderful opportunity to seize the Suez Canal and destroy the British forces in the Middle East. Two or three more German divisions would, they say, have been enough. How absurd to stint Rommel of such a minute force at a time when German divisions in Europe were counted by hundreds! The argument is not as convincing as appears at first sight. Most of the Italian fuel came from Germany, and Germany was desperately short of it herself. If the Italian Fleet could not move to a new base, it was supposed to see that fuel was sent across the Mediterranean for Rommel's tanks. Hitler may have made a gross error in going to war with Russia, but that is beside the point—he was at war with Russia. He had already discovered how difficult a task he had taken in hand. If the Germans had fallen, let us say, 15 per cent. short in their oil deliveries to Italy, we might conclude that this was a stupidity. As, however, they appear to have fallen about 60 per cent. short, it begins to look as though it may have been a necessity.

I am prepared to admit that, given Hitler's decision to attack Russia in 1941, and the extent to which he was involved in war with her by 1942, he may have been correct in allotting to the Mediterranean a



THE COLOUR PARTY OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, FACING H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM, BEFORE THE FIRING OF THE FEU-DE-JOIE.

commands and successive lines of retreat were prepared. "The smoke from the various chimneys of the G.H.Q. buildings was an amazing sight," writes General Sir Francis de Guingand. "Wherever one walked bits of charred paper came floating past." This in the midst of a foreign country which was itself not actually at war with Germany. The Egyptians took it all philosophically, but it must be added that they remained sympathetic and friendly. I think the world in general concluded that Rommel was virtually certain to reach Alexandria, and I am sure this view was shared by many people in our own country. And yet his first attack on the Alamein line, though it bent this into the shape of a bow fully drawn, did not succeed in breaking it. The position could not be turned; reinforcements were arriving. And in fact the Alamein line was held, though the local counter-offensives gained little or no ground and were, in general, very costly.

A great debt is due to Field Marshal (then General) Sir Claude Auchinleck for the resolution of his leadership in those black days, and to the troops who responded to it so well. Rommel's own account, in his work "Krieg ohne Hass," shows that he realised he was fighting a man of determination and skill. Both commanders, Rommel in his book, Auchinleck in his despatch, complain that they just lacked the resources to achieve victory; but this is not an unusual occurrence. Rommel puts the blame on the Italian authorities, who made insufficient efforts to supply him. He even asserts that a great proportion of the Italian naval officers would have preferred to see a



FIRING THE FEU-DE-JOIE AT THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE IN HONG KONG: THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, ABOUT TO FIRE THE SECOND OF THE THREE VOLLEYS.

St. Vincent sent and Nelson led a fleet into it to repair the effects of the unhappy withdrawal of 1796. Only a British fleet and British arms could hold together British alliances or create new ones. The Foreign Secretary, Lord Grenville, had realised this for some time before the order to return to the Mediterranean was issued and had vigorously pleaded for it. The arguments he used apply equally well in our own times.

So, as we look back upon that sad and menacing week of ten years ago, we should regard it as possessing more than academic interest. We should remember how near we came to losing a footing in the inland sea, that it was for some time virtually closed to merchant shipping, that the central part was virtually closed to naval vessels also, and that Alexandria ceased to be the station of a British Fleet. The background is changed. In some respects the state of affairs is less favourable; in others, particularly in the length of friendly shore—including all the North African—bordering the Mediterranean, it is better. I will end with a quotation from Mr. Drew Middleton, whose recent book I reviewed here: "The Russians have read the lessons of World War II. One of these is the scandalous indifference of Hitler and his generals to the importance of the Mediterranean."

* "The Struggle for the Mediterranean, 1939-1945." By Raymond de Belot, Rear Admiral, French Navy (ret.). Translated by James A. Field, Jr. (Princeton University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 25s.)

A RUSSO-SWEDISH INCIDENT: THE CATALINA SHOT DOWN BY MIG-15s IN THE BALTIC.



(ABOVE.) AFTER BEING FLOWN BACK TO STOCKHOLM: THE CREW OF THE SWEDISH CATALINA THAT WAS SHOT DOWN BY RUSSIAN FIGHTERS. TWO OF THE CREW WERE INJURED.

EARLY on June 16 two Russian MIG-15 fighters shot down a Swedish reconnaissance *Catalina*, with a crew of seven, which was searching for a Swedish *Dakota* training aircraft lost east of Gotland three days previously. The Russian attack took place in the Baltic, in international waters and some distance even from the twelve-mile limit claimed by the Russians, reckoned from the Estonian island of Dago. The seventh wave of attacks by the Russian MIG-15s put the port engine of the unarmed *Catalina* out of action and the pilot was compelled to put her down in the sea. The crew were picked up from their rubber dinghies soon afterwards by the German steamer *Muensterland*, which landed them at Hangö, in south-west Finland. The Swedish Government delivered a sharp Note of protest to the Soviet Government and denounced the attack as an "act of violence." On June 18 Sweden categorically rejected Russia's charge, made on June 17, that the *Catalina* had violated the Soviet frontier and fired at Russian aircraft. The Swedish Government expressed regret that on June 13 an unarmed Swedish aircraft, also searching for the *Dakota*, had flown over Soviet territory for five minutes in error.

(RIGHT.) MOVING AWAY FROM THE DOOMED AIRCRAFT IN RUBBER DINGHIES: THE CREW OF THE SWEDISH RECONNAISSANCE CATALINA AIRCRAFT SHOT DOWN BY THE RUSSIANS IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS IN THE BALTIC.



JUST AFTER BEING PICKED UP BY THE GERMAN STEAMER *MUNSTERLAND*: THE CREW OF THE SWEDISH CATALINA. IN THE FOREGROUND AN INJURED MAN, ENSIGN K. O. ARBIN, PILOT OF THE CATALINA, IS BEING AIDED BY THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN.



RESTRAINED BY THE POLICE: ANGRY DEMONSTRATORS WHO GATHERED OUTSIDE THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN STOCKHOLM AND BURNT COPIES OF THE STOCKHOLM COMMUNIST NEWSPAPER *NY DAG* IN PROTEST AGAINST THE SHOOTING-DOWN OF THE SWEDISH AIRCRAFT.



WITH HIS ARM IN A SLING: ENSIGN KARL O. ARBIN, PILOT OF THE SWEDISH CATALINA, AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN STOCKHOLM BY AIR FROM FINLAND, WHERE HE WAS DETAINED IN HOSPITAL AFTER BEING LANDED FROM THE GERMAN STEAMER. HIS WIFE (LEFT) GREETED HIM.

A DISCOVERY WHICH HAS IMMENSELY ENRICHED THE WORLD'S OLDEST LITERATURE: EXCAVATIONS AT NIPPUR, THE 4400-YEAR-OLD HOLY CITY OF SUMERIA AND BABYLONIA.

By DONALD E. McCOWN, Field Director of the Excavations and Associate Professor of Archaeology at the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago.

NIPPUR to-day is a 180-acre complex of deserted, dune-covered mounds lying 100 miles in a direct line to the south of Baghdad. Down to the latter part of the second millennium B.C. it was one of the major cities of Sumer and Babylonia. Then it lay in the centre of the country, equidistant from Ur to the south and from the northern cities of Akkad and Babylonia. It was never a political capital of the country, yet was the object of favour of the rulers of the land. Kings could compel political fealty for brief periods, but the natural allegiance of the Sumerians and earlier Babylonians to their individual cities gave way towards a sense of national unity only in connection with Nippur and its god, Enlil.

Excavations were first conducted at Nippur during the decade before 1900. Once their results were known, Nippur's place as a holy city occupied by the leading god of the pantheon became apparent. Yet the site then lay untouched until 1948, when a Joint Expedition to Nippur was sponsored by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago and the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The older results had proved the site of unusual importance in two respects. The first concerned Enlil. As leader of the gods, he controlled the destiny of man and bestowed kingship on the most powerful ruler of the country. A hymn to Enlil found this season portrays him as creator and source of all existence. It was only around the beginning of the first millennium B.C. that he lost this rôle to Marduk, the god of Babylon. To understand better the early civilisation of Mesopotamia, more needed to be known about this paramount god.

Nippur, or one section of it, is also the main source of Sumerian literature, consisting of epics and legends about the gods, hymns to the gods and kings, proverbs and other collections of wisdom. These compositions comprise the oldest known body of literature preserved, and are outstanding for their artistic excellence and for the invaluable insight they give into the spirit of ancient man. Some 80 per cent. of the known texts of this type have come from Nippur. Without them knowledge of the religion and philosophy of the Sumerians and early Babylonians would be minimal. Discovery of more such texts was one of the main tasks of the Joint Expedition.

The present season of excavations, lasting from November 10, 1951, to March 16, 1952, has brought to fruition the work of two previous campaigns in 1948 and 1949-50. The mound known as the main source of literary texts, identified as the residential quarter of scribes, has been the scene of two separate but neighbouring excavations. One has penetrated from the surface of the mound, the other from the

superimposed city levels, dating between the twenty-fourth and fifth centuries B.C., provide an unequalled stratified sequence throughout the later history of Sumer and during the Babylonian period. Excellent collections of pottery, seals, various other artifacts and business tablets found in the houses of this quarter tell much of continuity and change in the material culture during nearly 2000 years of the civilisation of Mesopotamia.

Of particular interest this season was a series of magico-religious plaques in baked clay from levels

First Dynasty of Babylon and the end of the Third Dynasty of Ur (eighteenth-twentieth centuries B.C.) (Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 10). This series is now extended through the Third Dynasty of Ur back into the Agade period (twenty-fourth century B.C.). These twenty

while an even larger number will complete known texts now so fragmentary that they have remained partly or totally untranslatable. With this season's discoveries another step has been taken towards the total recovery of the literary creations of the Sumerians.

To the north of the Scribal Quarter, on the east bank of the old bed of the Euphrates, lies the religious quarter of Nippur, covering an area of at least 40 acres. Here, in an inner court, the ziggurat, or temple tower, on which was the main temple of Enlil, had been excavated over fifty years ago. At that time a forecourt dedicated to Enlil's wife had also been located. In a previous season, the Joint Expedition had excavated an important Temple of Enlil at the north-east side of the ziggurat. Part of this season's programme was to explore the nearly untouched religious quarter for other structures that should be there. During the two weeks when hundreds of tablets were being found in the Scribal Quarter, two fine discoveries were made.

The first was the identification of a building located some 50 metres south-west of the ziggurat as the Temple of Inanna, goddess of love and war (Fig. 7). In tracing a wall inside a building decorated with niches, a door was found. The door socket was in place, inscribed with the record of the rebuilding of the temple for Inanna by Shulgi, second king of the Third Dynasty of Ur. Inanna's city lay to the south at Ur, where was her main cult. But she is known to have had an important rôle at Nippur. One text records that Enlil had given her the title Queen of Nippur. In a myth, she comes to Ekur, the name of the inner court with ziggurat, when Enlil is sick or dying, and succeeds in reviving him. Perhaps most interesting is a composition telling of her sacred marriage to Ama-ushumgal-anna, a form of Tammuz. She is described as coming to Ekur to her bridegroom in most charming poetry (Fig. 9). Excavation of the temple will prove of considerable interest if the Inanna-Tammuz cult ritual took place there, for Tammuz was a popular



FIG. 1. IN THE SCRIBAL QUARTER OF NIPPUR, HOLY CITY OF ANCIENT UR AND BABYLONIA: A LARGE HOUSE OF THE TIME OF UR-AMMU, FIRST KING OF THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR (c. 2000 B.C.). This shows a large house which was discovered in the Lower Dig. In the left foreground is a courtyard surrounded by small rooms. Behind this lies another small court and behind that a large shrine, which is shown in detail and in two stages of excavation in Figs. 2 and 3.

of the First Dynasty of Babylon and the Third Dynasty of Ur (Figs. 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17). Some from the later period are of unusual artistic quality. All of them, together with numerous figurines, will form a basis for an understanding of popular religion in contrast with the more formal religion known from literary sources.

Such finds paled into insignificance when a level rich in literary tablets was



FIG. 2. THE SHRINE OF THE LARGE SCRIBAL QUARTER HOUSE SHOWN IN FIG. 1. ON THE RIGHT IS A STEPPED ALTAR WITH WHITE BITUMEN "FEET"; IN THE CENTRE A SEQUENCE OF HEARTHS, THE ROUND BITUMEN DISK BEING THE LATEST.

reached in the Upper Dig on January 21 (Figs. 13 and 14). For the next two weeks, hundreds of clay tablets were exposed one by one in the ground. In one outstanding room alone, some 300 complete tablets, or large sections of tablets, were found, as well as a larger number of smaller fragments. When the great find ended, over 200 literary tablets had been recovered, as well as a smaller, but considerable number of lexical texts. In two weeks the Expedition had had the fortune to add at least 10 per cent. to the number of literary tablets now in the museums of the world. Yet these tablets, so precious for

an understanding of man long ago in Sumer and Babylonia, were discards of the first half of the eighteenth century B.C., found tossed along the wall of a room by some Babylonian student or elsewhere used as a filling to raise the floor-levels in a house. Their study is yet to begin, but enough is known from a score of them so far identified to indicate that many of them will contain new compositions,

god of natural fertility, so far known essentially from literary sources only. The building, as partially traced at present, stretches for 60 metres along one face, so will be an imposing monument when cleared.

At the same time that the Inanna Temple was identified, a temple of the Early Dynastic period (first half of the third millennium B.C.) was discovered at the extreme north-west of this quarter of Nippur and designated the North Temple. February 5 is memorable this season as the day the big find of tablets ended with a haul of fifty tins of them and the discovery of a cache of Sumerian statues in the North Temple (Figs. 18, 20, 21). Among other more fragmentary sculpture, a standing male figure of considerable height (29½ ins.) is outstanding. A long inscription on its back is unfortunately badly preserved, while other inscribed fragments were too incomplete to permit the identification of this temple at present. In the final two weeks of excavations, the topmost preserved rooms of the temple were exposed at several levels over a considerable area, though its exact limits remain to be determined. It is likely that it will prove to be about 35 by 70 metres in size. This fact, together with the plan now known, suggest a complex of temples or sanctuaries. Further excavations here should not only result in the finding of fine examples of Sumerian art but, with the Inanna Temple, will reveal much about the religious cults existing around Enlil in the third millennium B.C.



FIG. 3. AN EARLIER LEVEL OF THE SHRINE SHOWN IN FIG. 2. The stepped altar is here a simple rectangle. A well-burned hearth appears in the centre. In the background before a niche is a pavement of artificial stones made of plaster. Round the square hearth were discovered several small holes which were doubtless made by the pointed single shafts of offering stands.

bottom of an area dug out by the old University of Pennsylvania expedition. In the Upper Dig, seven cities, dating from the Achaemenian back to the Kassite period (fifth to thirteenth centuries B.C.) had been excavated. Five lower cities were exposed this season, carrying the sequence down to the middle of the Isin-Larsa period (nineteenth century B.C.). In the Lower Dig, six cities had been found between the

AN ORPHEUS OF 4000 YEARS AGO, AND THE WEDDING OF INANNA AND TAMMUZ.



FIG. 4. A SPIRITED FIGURE OF A LION IN AN UNUSUALLY WELL-PRESERVED CLAY PLAQUE OF THE FIRST DYNASTY OF BABYLON. ABOUT 5½ INS. WIDE.



FIG. 5. AN ORPHEUS OF SUMERIA: A FIGURE WITH A LUTE AND A BOAR (LEFT) AND A DOG (RIGHT). CLAY WITH MUCH PLANT TEMPER. ABOUT 6 INS. WIDE.



FIG. 6. A HOUSE OF THE NINETEENTH-EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES B.C. IN THE SCRIBAL QUARTER. NOTE THE FINELY-ARCHED STAIR IN THE RIGHT CENTRE, WITH KITCHEN BEYOND.



FIG. 7. THE NIPPUR SITE. THE DARK PATCHES IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND SHOW THE LOCATION OF THE TEMPLE OF INANNA, AWAITING EXCAVATION.



FIG. 8. EARLY DYNASTIC GODDESS-HANDLED POTS BURIED IN THE REBUILT WALL OF THE NORTH TEMPLE, PERHAPS TO PREVENT DESECRATION. PROBABLY USED IN TEMPLE SERVICES.

AMONG the discoveries made by Dr. McCown at the Nippur site—which is, of course, that of the holy city of Sumeria and Babylonia during about 2000 years—are a number of miniature chair-backs of baked clay (Figs. 9 and 11) dating from the Third Dynasty of Ur (c. the twentieth century B.C.). There are also some seated figurines, of which we show (Fig. 12) two, a demon-like creature and a bearded male. All of these seem fairly conclusively to have some magico-religious significance; and our regular readers may be struck with their resemblance to the miniature bronze throne and two little divine figures in bronze (of the Sea People era in Cyprus, twelfth-eleventh centuries B.C.) which Professor Schaeffer recently discovered at Enkomi, in Cyprus, and photographs of which appeared in our issue of May 31. This resemblance may be quite accidental and have no significance whatever, but it is nevertheless curious and interesting. One of the chair-backs (Fig. 9) is of especial interest, since it was found in a building identified as the Temple of Inanna, the goddess of love and war. One ancient literary source tells of the marriage of Inanna with Ama-ushumgal-anna, a form of Tammuz, the popular god of natural fertility; and it is possible that this chair-back plaque shows Inanna with Tammuz celebrating in conventionalised embrace after the sacred marriage. The plaque also shows the symbols of a bird, a fish and a pot on a double-headed bird. The area of this Inanna temple site is very considerable and much of it remains to be excavated (Fig. 7), and it is possible that further excavation may lead to the finding of more examples of Sumerian art and may produce information on the religious cults in the Third Millennium B.C.



FIG. 9. A MINIATURE CHAIR-BACK PLAQUE—THIRD DYNASTY, FROM THE INANNA TEMPLE. IT MAY REPRESENT CELEBRATIONS AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF INANNA (LEFT) AND TAMMUZ (RIGHT).

4000-YEAR-OLD ART, LITERATURE AND RELIGION IN SUMERIA: NIPPUR FINDS.



FIG. 10. A CLAY PLAQUE SHOWING A BEARDED FIGURE STRIKING A DEMON WITH A MACE. DATING FROM THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR. ABOUT 2½ INS. WIDE.



FIG. 11. THE BACK OF A MINIATURE CHAIR (ABOUT 3 INS. HIGH) OF BAKED CLAY. IT SHOWS A TEMPLE DOOR FLANKED BY WILD-HAIRED GUARDIANS. OF THE THIRD DYNASTY OF UR. SEE ALSO FIG. 9 AND FIG. 12.



FIG. 12. TWO SEATED FIGURINES IN BAKED CLAY (THE LARGER ABOUT 5 INS. HIGH)—LEFT, A DEMON-FIGURE; RIGHT, A BEARDED MALE IN GUDEA-TYPE TURBAN. SEE ALSO FIGS. 9 AND 11.



FIG. 13. IN THE SCRIBAL QUARTER, HOUSES OF THE FIRST DYNASTY OF BABYLON (C. 1800 B.C.). MANY TABLETS WERE FOUND IN THE ROOM BEYOND THE MAN ON THE WALL.



FIG. 14. ONE OF THE GREATEST SINGLE FINDS OF SUMERIAN LITERATURE: SOME OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF CLAY TABLETS FOUND IN THE SCRIBAL QUARTER OF NIPPUR. SEE ALSO FIG. 13.



FIG. 15. A CLAY TABLET (ABOUT 3½ INS. HIGH) OF THE FIRST DYNASTY OF BABYLON. THE FIGURE HOLDING THE LION-HEADED MACE IS MOST PROBABLY A RULER.



FIG. 16. A CLAY PLAQUE OF A BIRD-GODDESS OF EXTREME GRACE AND BEAUTY (5½ INS. HIGH). THE WINGS AND CROWN ARE PAINTED RED. SEE TEXT.



FIG. 17. ANOTHER CLAY PLAQUE OF THE FIRST DYNASTY OF BABYLON. THE FIGURE SHOWN IS PROBABLY A GOD, THESE PLAQUES BEING ALL OF MAGICO-RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE.

We show here some interesting aspects of the Nippur excavations, described on page 1084 by the Field Director, Dr. D. E. McCown. The principal find from an archaeological point of view is undoubtedly the discovery of a very large collection of inscribed tablets, which increases the sum of Sumerian literature by about 10 per cent. Most await transcription, but it is already clear that many are new,

while others make existing fragments at last intelligible; and the importance of the find can hardly be over-estimated. The miniature chairs (Figs. 9, 11 and 12) are discussed elsewhere. Here we draw attention to the bird-goddess plaque of Fig. 16. This is an important goddess, known from the Burney Plaque, but here, from her unusual position, apparently in a subsidiary rôle.

A POTENT DEITY OF ANCIENT SUMERIA: A FINE STATUE FOUND AT NIPPUR.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 19. FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF INANNA IN A THIRD-DYNASTY LEVEL, BUT AN INSCRIPTION DEDICATING IT TO INANNA RECORDS THAT IT WAS PRESERVED FROM EARLY DYNASTIC TIMES. A GREENISH-VEINED STONE BOWL OF THE OVAL SHAPE KNOWN IN GOLD EXAMPLES FROM THE ROYAL TOMBS OF UR.

(LEFT.) FIG. 18. A REMARKABLE LARGE STATUETTE OF WHITE GYPSUM, 2 FT. 5½ INS. HIGH, FOUND IN THE NORTH TEMPLE AND DATING FROM EARLY DYNASTIC TIMES (TWENTY-FOURTH TO TWENTIETH CENTURIES B.C.). THE EYES ARE FILLED WITH BITUMEN, BUT THE SHELL AND LAPIS INLAY IS LOST. IN THE EYEBROWS IS A TRACE OF GREEN STEATITE MOSAIC.



FIG. 20. A CLOSE-UP OF THE HANDS OF THE STATUE SHOWN IN FIG. 18. THE UNUSUALLY GRACEFUL CURLED FINGERS ARE LIKE THOSE OF A STATUE FOUND IN THE ABU TEMPLE AT TEL ASMAR.



FIG. 21. ANOTHER WHITE GYPSUM STATUETTE (ABOUT 10½ INS. HIGH) FOUND IN THE SAME CACHE AS FIG. 18. A SHORT INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK MAY BE A NAME.

As Dr. McCown relates on page 1084, one of the most spectacular discoveries in the last season's digging at Nippur was a cache of statuettes (large enough almost to be described as statues) in the North Temple. The level was that of the later part of the Early Dynastic period, but the style of the largest and best-preserved of the figures (Figs. 18 and 20) was that of the early part of this era. Its general

style is that known from the Diyala sites, but here the skirt is a long oval towards the front, instead of a flat oval. There is a three-column inscription on the back, and although, unfortunately, this is badly preserved, it seems to record gifts or endowments to the temple. The other major statuette (with the tiered skirt) (Fig. 21) is in a softer and somewhat later style.

THE WIMBLEDON L.T.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS—1952: THE LAWNS ON WHICH NEW TENNIS HISTORY IS BEING MADE, AND THE LEADING MEN AND WOMEN ASPIRANTS FOR THE COVETED SINGLES TITLES.



MISS D. HART (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



MISS S. FRY (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.



MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



MRS. T. LONG (AUSTRALIA)
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon.



F. A. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA)
Seeded No. 1 at Wimbledon.



CENTRE OF THE WIMBLEDON FORTNIGHT: THE FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS COURTS OF THE ALL ENGLAND CLUB, WHERE THE CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE BEING HELD FROM JUNE 23 TO JULY 5. AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE CENTRE COURT (SURROUNDED BY COVERED STANDS); NEXT TO IT IS COURT 1, AND (CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH) COURT 2.



K. MCGREGOR (AUSTRALIA)
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



H. FLAM (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



E. W. STURGES (S. AFRICA)
Seeded No. 7 at Wimbledon.



M. G. ROSE (AUSTRALIA)
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



A. LARSEN (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 9 at Wimbledon.



C. MULLOY (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 10 at Wimbledon.



H. RICHARDSON (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 11 at Wimbledon.



B. PATTY (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 12 at Wimbledon.



MRS. P. C. TODD (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 5 at Wimbledon.



MRS. J. WALKER-SMITH (G. B.)
Seeded No. 6 at Wimbledon.



R. SAVITT (U.S.A.)
Seeded No. 4 at Wimbledon.



MRS. I. RINKEL (GREAT BRITAIN)
Seeded No. 8 at Wimbledon.



J. DROBNY (EGYPT)
Seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon.

This year the Wimbledon authorities have seeded twelve players, two more than were seeded last year, for the men's championship. For the third year running Frank Sedgman, of Australia, has been rated as the most likely winner, being seeded No. 1 on his grass-court record. J. Drobny, of Egypt, is ranked No. 2 for the second successive year, on the strength of his performances at Bournemouth and Paris. Richard Savitt, of the United States, the holder, is ranked No. 4 owing to his capricious form, but V. Seixas, his compatriot and semi-finalist two years ago, is rated third. H. Richardson, of the United States, who is seeded No. 11, defeated D. W. Candy, of Australia, in the Beckenham finals. B. Patty (U.S.A.), holder

of the Wimbledon title in 1950, is seeded No. 12. Last year he was handicapped by injury. Once again Great Britain's tennis hopes are confined to the women's singles, in which we have two seeded players, Mrs. J. J. Walker-Smith, ranked No. 6, and Mrs. I. Rinkel (Jean Quertier), ranked No. 8. Miss D. Hart, of the United States, the holder, is seeded No. 1. Miss Maureen Connolly, the seventeen-year-old American player who, last year, at the age of sixteen, won the U.S. women's lawn tennis title, is ranked No. 2. Miss Connolly, who is coached by Miss Eleanor ("Teach") Tennant, was one of the youngest winners in the history of the U.S. women's lawn tennis championships.

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE KING OF BIRDS IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.



"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE IN THE AIR": AN ADULT GOLDEN EAGLE 1500 FT. OVERHEAD IN TYPICAL SAILING FLIGHT, THE STRONG PINIONS SPREAD LIKE FINGERS.

(ABOVE.) AN EAGLE IN FLIGHT AT ABOUT 900 FT. UP. NOTE THE HUGE PRIMARY FEATHERS AND THE GENERAL IMPRESSION OF POWER.

IN our last issue, dated June 21, we published two striking colour photographs of Golden Eagles by Mr. Walter E. Higham. These photographs have aroused such widespread interest among our readers that on this page, and page 1091, we publish a series of photographs showing various phases in the life-history of this bird. These were taken at nine different eyries in the Scottish Highlands by Mr. C. Eric Palmar, who has been doing research into the breeding biology of the Golden Eagle for the past ten years. The eagle pellets (lower right) showed, upon examination, the fur

[Continued below.



LEAVING THE NESTING CLIFF AT 2000 FT.: AN EAGLE, LOOKING LIKE A STRANGE BLACK SHADOW, SILHOUETTED AGAINST ITS HABITAT OF ROCKS AND SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS.



IN A NORMAL CLIFF SITE 1500 FT. UP: AN EAGLE'S NEST, WITH TWO EGGS, WHICH IS THE NORMAL CLUTCH. ONE EGG IS INVARIABLY MORE SPOTTED THAN THE OTHER.

Continued.] of rabbits and hares, which form the birds' staple diet in most places, and the bones of small rodents, grouse and other birds, as well as sheep wool. The eagle is very fond of carrion, and many of the stories of its attacks on lambs are grossly exaggerated. In his book, "Bird Haunts in Northern Britain," Captain Yeates says that a fair-minded shepherd told him that he had never seen an eagle touch a living lamb. Dead ones, yes, but never the live animal. [Photographs by C. Eric Palmar.]



EJECTED ORALLY FROM THE CROP: EAGLE PELLETS, THE UNDIGESTED REMAINS OF MEALS. THESE CONSISTED MAINLY OF FUR AND BONES OF SMALL RODENTS, AND SHEEP WOOL.

SEEN AT THE NEST, ON THE WING AND IN A
CHARACTERISTIC POSE: THE GOLDEN EAGLE.



FLYING INTO THE NESTING CLIFF 2100 FT. UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND: AN ADULT GOLDEN EAGLE BRINGING PREY (HALF A RABBIT) IN ITS TALONS FOR THE YOUNG IN THE NEST.



AT THE NEST WITH THE PREY: AN ADULT WITH TWO EAGLETS (ABOUT NINE WEEKS OLD), WHICH ARE MUCH DARKER THAN THE OLD BIRD.



AGED ABOUT FOUR WEEKS: TWO EAGLETS IN THE NEST. ONE IS INVARIABLY LARGER THAN THE OTHER AND OFTEN KILLS THE SMALLER ONE IN FIGHTING. THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE DARK FEATHERS CAN JUST BE SEEN.

MODERN photography, combined with the skill and patience with which the photographer approaches his subject, is doing much to add to the public's knowledge of the habits and habitat of the Golden Eagle, the largest and most splendid of British birds. On this page, and page 1090, we publish photographs, taken in the Scottish Highlands by Mr. C. Eric Palmar, of that great bird that "with his sharpe look pierceth the sun." As a rule, the eagle is a silent bird, but has a loud, yelping scream. At the end of March or early in April two eggs are laid; they are white or marbled and blotched with reddish brown and violet. A single brood is reared and, almost invariably, if the eggs are destroyed, the bird makes no effort to nest again that year. The Golden Eagle has the legs feathered to the toes, a feature that distinguishes it from the White-tailed Eagle.

Photographs by C. Eric Palmar.



IN A CURIOUS BUT CHARACTERISTIC POSE: A FULLY-GROWN EAGLET ON A BRANCH, SHOWING ONE LEG BEING HELD STIFFLY OUT.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SAXIFRAGA LINGULATA LANTOSCANA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

St. Martin Vesubie is the home, however, of one of the most beautiful and satisfactory of all the Silver Saxifrages—*S. lingulata lantoscana*, and finding it involves no dawn-to-dusk expedition. The plant abounds on the cliffs and precipices all around the town, especially where there is coolness and partial shade. In fact, if you know just where to look, you can see a colony of it from the motor-coach a mile or two down the road as you approach St. Martin. It is in a little rocky gorge on the right-hand side of the

the village that, years before, I had found the charming albino form of *Sedum dasyphyllum*. The scrap which I brought away in a match-box has since spread far and wide in British gardens. From Venanson we followed the rough timber-track along the mountain-side, where, in thin woodland, Hepaticas were flowering by the million. At one point the track passed a steep, narrow, rocky gorge, the floor of which was a now dry, torrent bed. On the cliff-sides of the gorge grew *S. lingulata lantoscana*, in full flower, their white plumes waving down at us from their utterly impregnable positions. One specimen there was, however, which looked as though I might perhaps just reach it. It grew from a slight overhang above the floor of the gorge, and its flower-plumes were longer, fuller and ampler than any that I had ever seen. I got down to a position immediately below it, and found that it grew about a foot or two above the greatest height that I could reach with the spike of my walking-stick, even when standing on tip-toe. Not to be beaten, I collected rocks and built up a little platform, by standing on which I eventually managed to poke out a portion of the clump—enough to take home and establish for trial in cultivation. For about a dozen years that plant had a chequered and precarious existence. At Stevenage it stood about in a pot through years of wartime austerity and neglect. It was neglected, but not forgotten. Shaken—but missed—by bombs and doodle-bugs, starved and seldom watered, it clung to life with astonishing tenacity, until eventually it migrated with me from Stevenage to the Cotswolds, where, at long last, it received the attention it deserved. My son broke it up into single rosettes, which he struck as cuttings, and these, when well established, I planted among rocks in a stone trough. Having no suitable wall-garden or precipitous rocks, this trough was the best I could



the Maritime Alps. It lies about thirty miles inland from Nice, and may be reached by motor-coach, hired car, private car, or on foot. I have tried all four, and recommend private car. I first went there about forty years ago, and have been back time after



"THIS SUMMER, FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER I COLLECTED IT, MY *lantoscana* IS FLOWERING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CULTIVATION."

In this article Mr. Elliott describes how, fourteen years ago, he collected (not without difficulty) a small clump of an exceptionally fine form of *Saxifraga lingulata lantoscana*. This clump was planted in a pot and neglected throughout the war years. More recently it has been carefully propagated and this photograph shows some of its progeny—or rather, particles—blooming for the first time in a stone trough. [Photographs by Peter Pritchard.]

time since then, always for short visits of a few days only. It is not a place that I would recommend to anyone going to the Alps for the first time and wanting to see a pageant of Alpine flowers at their glorious best, most varied and most spectacular. Rather is it a place from which to visit a few special plants, one great rarity and a fair number of the pleasant things that one is apt to find almost anywhere in the Alps.

The one sensational rarity to which you may pay pious pilgrimage is *Saxifraga florulenta*. To reach the remote granite cliffs that it haunts entails an all-day, almost dawn-to-dusk, expedition; first by road to the Boreon cascade, and then by rough, rather indefinite, mountain track. Reginald Farrer wrote a great deal about *Saxifraga florulenta*, and dramatised it in some of his very purplest passages. But when all is said and done, it is not a plant of any garden importance. It is extremely difficult to grow, and if you do manage to grow and flower it, the inflorescence has no grace or real beauty. It is nothing but a fattish crozier, set with small, inconspicuous, pinkish flowers. The rosette of dark, lurid-green leaves takes a number of years to arrive at flowering strength and size, and then, having flowered, the whole plant dies.

I have visited *Saxifraga florulenta* twice, and am glad to have done so, though it was not in flower at the time of either of my visits. I have tried to grow the plant, and failed; and have no intention of trying again.

But I did once see a couple of dozen or so *florulentas* flowering with the utmost vigour and abandon. They were sitting in a large, square biscuit-tin—with the lid off—which was occupying a corner

broader leaves, which widen at their tips to a slightly spoon-shaped appearance. In both forms the inflorescence is a plume of small, snow-white blossoms, which arches out from its cliff habitation in a graceful, drooping curve. Both these saxifrages are quite easy to grow, and they are among the most beautiful of all the "Silver" species. In fact, they are rock-garden plants of first-class importance. In the rock-garden they should be planted in the nearest thing to a cliff that can be found or devised, so that their plumes of blossom may arch out as they would from their native cliffs. Alternatively, they are excellent for planting in a wall-garden. *Saxifraga lingulata lantoscana* took its third, or varietal name "*lantoscana*" from the old name of the town St. Martin Vesubie—which was St. Martin Lantosque.

In 1938 I collected above St. Martin Vesubie what seemed to me to be a particularly fine variety of *S. lingulata lantoscana*, though my companions refused to be impressed. We crossed the river from St. Martin and toiled up to the little village of Venanson, perched like a swallow's nest on the mountain-side. It was here on a great shrine-capped rock in the centre of



"IF ANYTHING, THE PLUMES OF BLOSSOM ARE EVEN FINER THAN THEY WERE IN THEIR WILD GORGE ABOVE ST. MARTIN. THEY MEASURE FROM 12 TO 19 INS. IN LENGTH. I WISH I COULD TRUTHFULLY SAY THAT THE LONGEST WAS 20 INS. . . ."

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do at the time, and at any rate it gives them a raised position from which their flower-plumes can arch down. This summer, fourteen years after I collected it, my *lantoscana* is flowering for the first time in cultivation. If anything, the plumes of blossom are even finer than they were in their wild gorge above St. Martin. They measure from 12 to 19 ins. in length. I wish I could truthfully say that the longest was 20 ins. It sounds so much more impressive. But 19 ins. leaves no room for complaint. It is a truly gallant effort after all those years of enforced ill-treatment and neglect.



THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, NOW CELEBRATING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CHARTER :
SHOWING THE ROYAL ARMS AND THE SCHOOL'S TWO STATUES, "PHILOMATH" AND "POLYMATH."

On June 19 Shrewsbury School celebrated the 400th anniversary of the granting of its charter by Edward VI. and to mark the occasion presented to Shrewsbury town a Portland stone columnar cross on the site of the High Cross which was taken down in 1687. Although the School's celebrations have just taken place, the actual date of the original charter was February 10, 1552, and it will be recalled that on March 8 we published a series of drawings of the School and its present-day activities. The building which we show above is the Old School and stands in the heart

of the town. It was the School's premises until 1882, when the move was made to Kingsland on the banks of the Severn. The Old School is now a Public Library and Museum, but the two statues on the façade still belong to the School. They represent "Philomath" (the lover of learning) and "Polymath" (the master of learning), and relate to the Greek motto: "If you are a lover of learning you may become a master of learning." Replicas of these statues stand in the buildings which the School now occupies. The coat of arms is an ancient version of the Royal Arms.

ROUND THE ART GALLERIES: LONDON EXHIBITIONS OF ENGLISH AND

OF FRENCH PAINTINGS, AND A BRISTOL DISPLAY OF STUART DRAWINGS.



"THREE SQUIRRELS"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW (1626-1702), THE FIRST BRITISH SPORTING ARTIST. PEN AND WASH. ON VIEW AT BRISTOL. (CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.)



"CAT AND KITTENS"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW, PEN AND WASH. SIGNED "F. BARLOW, 1681." LENT TO BRISTOL BY THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT WITT.



"A SPORTSMAN"; BY JOHANN SOFFANY (1733-1801), AN ATTRACTIVE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS BATHSBO-BORN PAINTER, WHO CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1758; ON VIEW AT AGNEW'S. CANVAS. (88 by 77 ins.)



"A RIVER IN PICARDY"; BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1801-1828), AN ENGLISH-BORN PAINTER WHO WORKED FOR MOST OF HIS SHORT LIFE IN FRANCE. EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, OLD MASTERS, 1889; ON VIEW AT AGNEW'S. CANVAS. (17 by 22 ins.)



"CHAMP DE BLÉ VERT ET COQUELICOTS" ("A CORNFIELD WITH POPPIES"); BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890); ON VIEW AT MATTHIJSSEN'S. ARLES, 1888. CANVAS. (21½ by 28½ ins.)



"EN MATIN DE MAI À MORET" ("MAY MORNING AT MORET"); BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899), WHO PAINTED CHIEFLY NEAR LOUVIÈRE, MARLY, SEVRES AND MORET-ON-LE-LOING. SIGNED AND DATED 1886. CANVAS. (21½ by 28½ ins.)

On these pages we reproduce works of art to be seen at three important exhibitions. The drawings by Francis Barlow (1626-1702) are on view at the Loan Exhibition of Stuart Drawings which opened recently at the Red Lodge, Park Row, Bristol, and will continue until July 12. It has been arranged with the help of Mr. John Woodward, of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, who is responsible for the catalogue; and includes works by Inigo Jones, Lely, Kneller, and other seventeenth-century artists. Francis Barlow, who is represented by a group of eight drawings, was a painter and illustrator who was first "put apprentice to one Shepherd, a face

painter, with whom he lived but a few years, because his fancy did not lie that way, his genius leading him wholly to the drawing of fowl, fish and other beasts," to quote Buckridge's summing-up in 1706.—English painting of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is well represented at the exhibition of "Fine Paintings of the English School" which opened recently at Thomas Agnew's Old



"ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW, THE RHINOCEROS FROM DÜRER'S WOODCUT OF 1515. LENT TO BRISTOL BY THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT WITT.



"A GROUP OF BIRDS"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW. ENGRAVED WITH VARIATIONS IN "VARIOUS BIRDS AND BEASTS." LENT TO BRISTOL BY SIR BRUCE INGRAM, O.B.E., M.C.



"THE EDGE OF THE COMMON"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788), A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE BY THIS GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER; ON VIEW AT AGNEW'S. IT WAS SHOWN AT THE NORWICH MUSEUM CENTENARY LOAN EXHIBITION IN 1945. CANVAS. (25 by 30 ins.)



"LA GRENOUILLÈRE," 1869; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), WHO TRAVELED WIDELY IN FRANCE, AND VISITED ENGLAND AND ITALY. LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT MATTHIJSSEN'S BY A PRIVATE COLLECTOR. CANVAS. (28 by 36 ins.)

Bond Street Galleries and will continue until the end of July. A small circular panel portrait of Thomas Cromwell, by Hans Holbein the Younger, and a miniature of a Lady, by Nicholas Hilliard, represent work of an earlier period.—At Messrs. Matthiessen's Galleries, in New Bond Street, there is an impressive "Summer Exhibition of French 19th and 20th-Century Paintings." These include a lovely



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE (1695-1780), WHOSE FIVE PICTURES ILLUSTRATING "PAMELA" WERE ENGRAVED AND PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION IN 1745. SIGNED AND DATED 1735. CANVAS. (50 by 40 ins.)



"PAYSAGE AU JURA" ("LANDSCAPE IN THE JURA"); BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), WHOSE FRIENDS INCLUDED BAUDELAIRE, PROUD'HON, COROT AND DAUBIER; ON VIEW AT MATTHIJSSEN'S. CANVAS. (22½ by 31½ ins.)

Sisley springtime landscape at Moret, where he finally settled and died in 1899—too early to see the success of the Impressionists and of his own works, and a sparkling river bathing scene by Monet, both reproduced on these pages. It will be remembered that Monet's "Impression— *Soleil Couchant*," exhibited in 1874, earned for the group its name of "Impressionist."

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE LIDO.

By ALAN DENT.

THESE random home-thoughts are set down on paper in Venice—in a hotel bedroom that directly overlooks the noble Church of San Giorgio, across the Giudecca, which is grander even than the Grand Canal. For a breath of air I have but to step a yard to the window, where I can look to the left and see the beckoning Lido, or look to the right and see the great Church of Santa Maria della Salute (which my guide-book tells me is positively bulging with Titians and Tintoretts).

Shall I go to see these gorgeous canvases—as soon as this article is posted to England—or shall I go to the cinema? The answer, as goes without saying, is that I shall go to the pictures—in the purest sense of the term.

Incidentally, there is a connection between the church and the cinema in this resplendent city which is of a nature and a subtlety far beyond the ken of the casual visitor. It is a fact that each of the three churches I visited this morning had on its portico a notice of all the cinema-shows now to be seen in the city, with some indication as to whether the films were fit to be seen by children or not. The fourth building I tried to visit—the School of San Teodoro—has now been converted into a cinema, though it maintains its fine seventeenth-century façade. Is there a more incalculable place than Venice in Italy, or in all the world?

It has its cinema-theatres, of course—with evocative names like the Malibran and the Giorgione, the Garibaldi and the Accademia. But deeply though I love my work, I cannot—holiday-minded or

Madeleine Robinson's portrait of a light-o'-love in love with a rotter in the Delannoy film! She presents what we still like to call a woman of easy virtue, but we note all the time how uneasily a true affection for a skunk sits upon the creature. We note how steady is that affection,

do I recommend it now to the growing number of cinemas all over Britain who find it an advantageous policy to screen foreign films which—like this one—have a quite adequately helpful system of English sub-titling. Still more strongly—though less necessarily, since I gather that they are both already popular throughout the land—do I recommend for the same purpose both "Bicycle Thieves" and "The Baker's Wife." The first improves on a second visit, since it is so single-minded in its artistry and its simplicity, with its steady, insistent poignancy, its workaday background of Roman good humour and its masterly direction and "cutting" (a quality which boils down to mean peremptory removal of everything redundant or not-to-the-purpose). The second is a masterpiece which improves on every visit, since it is a considerable work of art, over and above being an entertaining moving-picture. It again has a simple story—that of a Provençal baker who cannot carry on with his work because his over-young and over-beautiful wife has been abducted by a young shepherd on a stolen horse. But over and above its simple and simply resolved story it has a great comedian in Raimu—as rich in pathos as in fun, whose movements in his loss are stricken, and whose funniest protests we watch with our eyes blurred, because of the knowledge that he is dead and cannot therefore delight and move us further, except in revivals of his best films.



A FRANCO-ITALIAN CO-PRODUCTION MADE IN ITALY: "IL PICCOLO MONDO DI DON CAMILLO" (THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO), A SCENE FROM THE FILM, ADAPTED FROM THE WELL-KNOWN ITALIAN NOVEL, WHICH TELLS A HUMOROUS STORY OF THE CLASH BETWEEN THE PRIEST OF AN ITALIAN VILLAGE AND THE COMMUNIST MAYOR, SHOWING GINO CERVI AS THE MAYOR, AND FERNANDEL AS THE PRIEST.



A DELIGHTFUL PERIOD COMEDY DIRECTED BY MARIO CAMERINI: "MOGLIE PER UNA NOTTE" (WIFE FOR A NIGHT), A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING GINO CERVI TAKING A BATH.

however sorely tried by her innamorata, and how spasmodic is the mother-love she now and then feels bound to shower upon the little puzzled, dark-eyed boy (Pierre-Michel Beck) whom she has unwisely thought fit to bring to Marseilles from the mountain shepherd's hut where he has been reared. "Wild Boy" has been relished by me more than once, but I have never before recommended it in this journal. Strongly



A SIMPLE BUT MOVING STORY ABOUT AN AMBITIOUS MOTHER'S EFFORTS TO TURN HER LITTLE DAUGHTER INTO A FILM PRODIGY: "BELLISSIMA" (BEAUTIFUL), A SCENE FROM THE FILM DIRECTED BY LUCHINO VISCONTI, AND STARRING ANNA MAGNANI AND WALTER CHIARI.

not—face up to Gable at the Garibaldi or Grable at the Giorgione. Besides, the films on view are so old, so old. And those I see advertised are each and all emanations of Hollywood at its fifth or sixth best. How comes it that Venice—which once a year stages a Festival of the best International Films—should have so little to offer for the rest of the year, and that little so poor, so shopworn, and so insistently American?

The same question could, of course, be asked about London as I left it ten days ago, when the new films were so feeble that—taking a last look round before my departure—I could find absolutely nothing new that seemed worth my pre-holiday consideration. So I repaired to the two adjoining little cinemas in the Tottenham Court Road that are so often the solace of the fastidious—and at one I found a revival of "Wild Boy," in which Jean Delannoy so touchingly tells the sad tale of a Marseilles prostitute's natural son, while at the other I found an enchanting double-bill made up of the Italian "Bicycle Thieves" (de Sica) and the Provençal "The Baker's Wife" (Pagnol).

Had I not been holiday-bound, I should have called this as good as a holiday. What an amount of art there is in



TELLING THE STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF A GROUP OF SICILIANS EMIGRATING NORTHWARDS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF WORK: "IL CAMMINO DELLA SPERANZA" (THE ROAD TO HOPE), SHOWING RAF VALLONE IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM.

The first official Italian Film Festival in this country was held at the New Gallery Cinema from June 16-22. During the week eight new Italian feature films, each accompanied by a documentary short film, were shown in sub-titled version. The Film Festival was arranged by Unitalia Film, whose work is carried out in this country by the International Film Bureau. A number of Italian film stars visited London during the Festival. Similar Film Festival Weeks are being organised by Unitalia in Berlin, Lausanne, Knokke-le-Zoute, Oslo, Madrid, New York and Montreal.

This exquisite film is still more to be recommended because its sub-titling is—unlike most of such work done for our public—better than adequate. A village oaf reports the abduction by horseback, for example, with the dead-simple and likely phrase: "They looked as though they wouldn't be coming back." And the indignant protests of the villagers—led by the old maid, pursed of lip and black from head to foot and for all the world like the unforgotten Edna May Oliver as Miss Trotwood, in the film-version of "David Copperfield"—are beautifully summed up in somebody's exclamation: "We must find the baker's wife—she is our daily bread!"

We cannot see enough of such capital French and Italian films in England. But my own immediate problem is why they should be hard to find in Italy itself, whether in revival or brand-new. Can it possibly be that in Italy such films as "Bicycle Thieves" and "Sunday in August" are made for export only, like those beautiful, half-forgotten English biscuits with English makers' names which one views in the unbelievable shop-windows of Rapallo and Lerici and Florence and Venice itself—that shop-window to end all shop-windows?

OCCASIONS ROYAL, SPORTING AND MARITIME: AN ALBUM OF RECENT EVENTS.



LAYING THE KEEL OF THE FIRST ATOMIC SUBMARINE IN THE WORLD: PRESIDENT TRUMAN SIGNING HIS INITIALS ON THE CURVED SHELL AT GROTON, CONN., ON JUNE 14. At Groton, Connecticut, on June 14, President Truman initialled the curved shell of the submarine *Nautilus*, which is to be the first in the world powered by nuclear energy. The President said: "The day that the propellers . . . first bite into the water . . . will be the most momentous in the field of atomic science since that first flash . . . in the desert seven years ago."



HER MAJESTY AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE WHITE CITY PRESENTING A CUP TO J. A. SAVIDGE, WHO WON THE WEIGHT WITH A RECORD THROW OF 54 FT. 1 1/2 INS. On June 21 her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, attended the A.A.A. Championships at the White City and presented the prizes to the champions of 1952. There was a crowd of 50,000 and a number of brilliant performances which augur well for Great Britain's chances in the Olympic Games in Helsinki. There were a number of records of various kinds (national, all-comers and championship meeting) broken on both days of the meeting. Perhaps the most thrilling race was the two-miles steeplechase.



THE TANKER *ROSE MARY*, CARRYING 788 TONS OF PERSIAN CRUDE OIL, AS SHE LAY IN ADEN HARBOUR, WHERE SHE WAS DETAINED FOR A MONTH ON AN INJUNCTION APPLIED FOR BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY.

The 632-ton tanker *Rose Mary*, flying the Panamanian flag, with an Italian master and chartered by a Swiss company, which has been carrying from the Persian Gulf to Italy the first bulk shipment of Persian oil from Persia since the nationalisation of the Persian oilfields, put into Aden on June 17. There she was detained by a court injunction applied for by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., who claim that the oil belongs to them. The injunction, granted on June 18, was extended to a month on June 19.



AT HARWICH: QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK, WITH PRINCESSES (R. TO L.) MARGRETHE, BENEDIKTE AND ANNE-MARIE.

On June 20 Queen Ingrid arrived at Harwich in the Danish motor-vessel *Kronprinsesse Ingrid*, with her three daughters, Princess Margrethe (twelve), Princess Benedikte (eight) and Princess Anne-Marie (five), for a private visit to England of a fortnight. It is the Princesses' first journey outside Scandinavia.



HER MAJESTY AT LORD'S: SHAKING HANDS WITH V. MANKAD, WHO SET UP A NEW INDIAN TEST RECORD WITH A BRILLIANT 184.

The first day (June 19) of the second Test match against India at Lord's was marked by good batting by Mankad (73) and Hazare (69) and good bowling by Trueman, who took 4 for 72; but the most notable event was the wicket-keeper's, when Evans got his 100th victim in Test match cricket, a record only surpassed by the Australian, W. A. Oldfield. On June 21 Evans scored 98



EVANS'S TOOTH WICKET IN TEST MATCH CRICKET: THE ENGLAND WICKET-KEEPER STUMPING SHINDE OFF WATKINS' BOWLING IN THE FIRST INNINGS OF THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

before lunch, just failing to join Bradman, Macartney and Trumper, who alone have scored a Test century before lunch. His eventual score was 104. In India's second innings Mankad (who had also bowled 73 overs and taken 5 wickets for 196) went on to score a brilliant century, passing Hazare's 164, the previous highest individual Indian Test score, to reach 184.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



UNVEILING A MEMORIAL TO NORWEGIAN FIGHTER PILOTS AT NORTH WEALD R.A.F. STATION: PRINCESS ASTRID. On June 19 H.R.H. Princess Astrid of Norway unveiled a memorial stone at the R.A.F. Station at North Weald, Essex, bearing the inscription: "A gift from Norwegians of the 331 and 332 Squadrons in gratitude for the hope and opportunities so kindly given at a difficult time." These squadrons arrived at North Weald on June 19, 1942, and it was their base for the next two-and-a-half years.



SIR STEPHEN HOLMES. Appointed High Commissioner for the U.K. in Australia, and will take up his post in October. Sir Stephen Holmes has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office since 1951. He was Deputy High Commissioner in Ottawa from 1944-46, when he was appointed an Under-Secretary at the Board of Trade.



THE KING OF CAMBODIA. King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia dismissed his Government on June 15 and assumed full powers as head of a new non-party Government. Authorised circles in Paris said the seizure of direct power by the King of Cambodia was a "purely internal" affair of Cambodia and could not affect the kingdom's relations with the French Union.



DR. W. J. ENTWISTLE. Died on June 13, aged fifty-six. He had been King Alfonso XIII. Professor of Spanish Studies in the University of Oxford since 1932, and Director of Portuguese Studies since 1933. From 1921-25 he was lecturer in Hispanic Studies at the University of Manchester, and from 1925-32 Stevenson Professor of Spanish at the University of Glasgow.



SIR LINDSAY SCOTT. Died on June 17, aged sixty. He had a distinguished career in the Civil Service and was also an archaeologist. He was Second Secretary, Ministry of Aircraft Production, 1940-46, and of Ministry of Supply, 1946-50. He was President of the Prehistoric Society, during which time he did much to stimulate research on many sites.



THE LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF SCOTLAND, THE COUNTESS OF ERROL, WITH HER HUSBAND. As Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, the Countess of Errol is technically responsible for guarding the Queen and maintaining law and order within four miles of her Presence when in Scotland (where her Majesty arranged to go on June 24). Actually this duty devolves on her deputy, the Bailie of Holyrood. Lady Errol is the wife of Captain R. I. K. Moncreiffe, of Easter Moncreiffe.



WEARING MESS KIT: DAME MARY LLOYD, DIRECTOR OF THE W.R.N.S. This portrait of Commandant Dame Mary Lloyd, D.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S. since November, 1950, shows her in the smart mess kit for officers of the Service. It consists of a black Ottoman silk skirt and bolero of waist-length worn over a white open-necked marcella blouse with four buttons. Rank badges are worn on the sleeves.



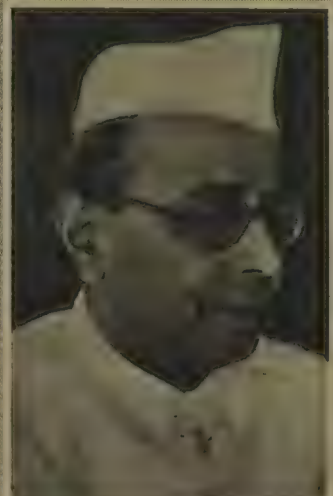
THE FIRST SWAN FEAST OF THE VINTNERS' COMPANY FOR THIRTEEN YEARS: ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT RESPECTIVELY OF THE MASTER. The Vintners' Company, who share with the Crown and the Dyers' Company the ownership of the swans on the Thames, held on June 5 their first Swan Feast for thirteen years; and a cygnet in full plumage was served to the seventy diners. Our photograph shows the Master of the Company, Major Richard Smith, M.C., in the centre, with the Duke of Edinburgh on his right hand and the Duke of Gloucester on his left. Left stands Lord Waverley and, right, the Bishop of London. Other distinguished persons who may be seen include the Earl of Athlone, the Renter Warden (Alderman Sir Noel Bowater), the American Minister (the Hon. Julius C. Holmes), and Alderman Sir Bracewell Smith.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS MOIRA PATERSON. Miss Moira Paterson, of Lenzie, won the British Women's Golf Championship at Troon on June 19, defeating Miss Frances Stephens, of Royal Birkdale, at the thirty-eighth hole, in the longest-ever final. Miss Paterson, who is twenty-eight, is the first Scottish holder of the title since Mrs. Holm's success in 1938. She is shown holding her trophy.



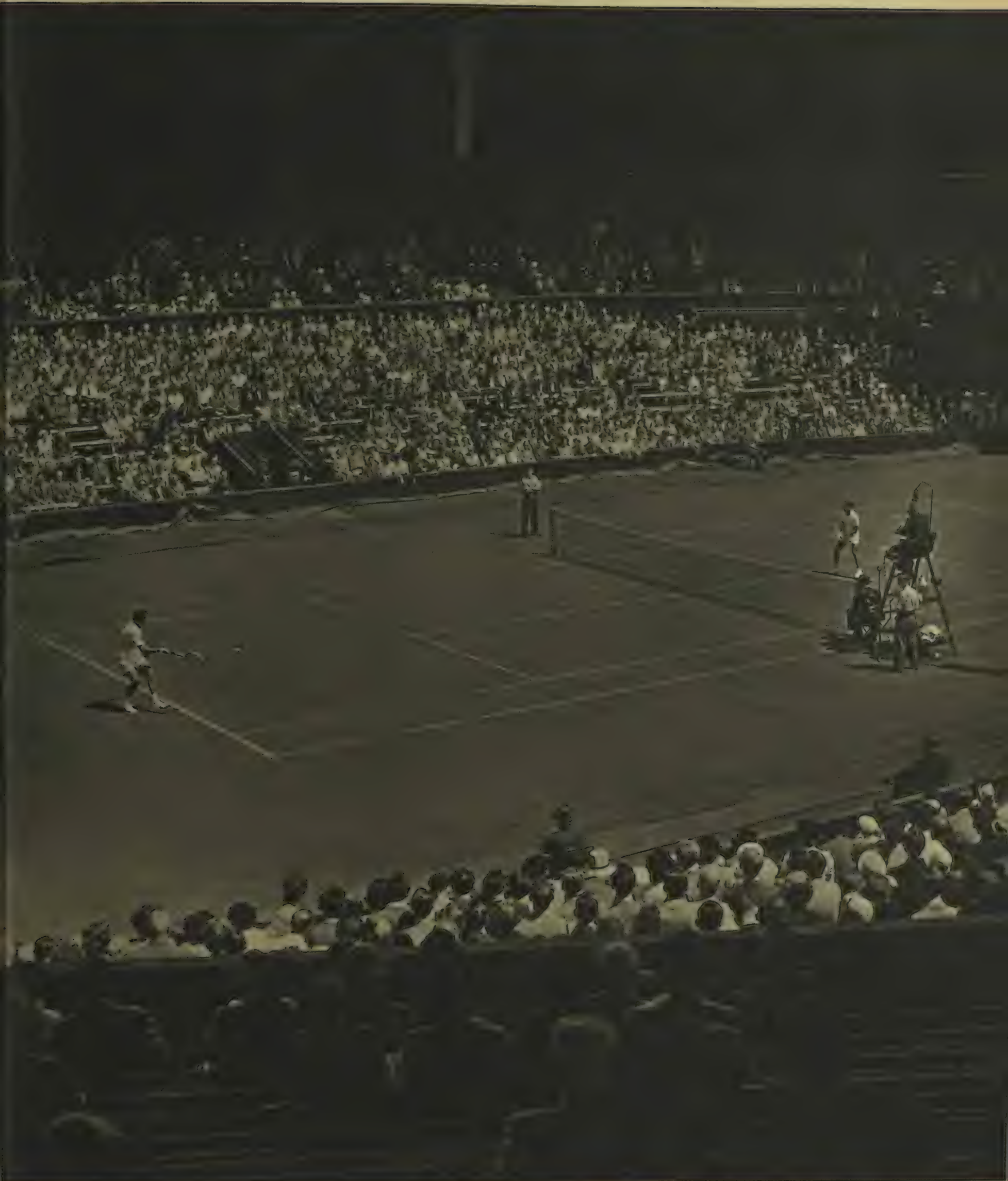
THE LEANDER CREW WHICH HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO REPRESENT GREAT BRITAIN IN THE OLYMPICS AT HELSINKI. On June 18 the Amateur Rowing Association confirmed the selection of the Leander crew to represent Great Britain in the eights at Helsinki. The crew, here seen during an outing at Henley, is: D. D. Macklin (bow), A. L. MacLeod (2), N. B. M. Clack (3), R. F. A. Sharpley (4), E. J. Worledge (5), C. B. M. Lloyd (6), W. A. D. Windham (7), D. M. Jennings (stroke), and J. F. K. Hinde (cox).



MR. B. G. KHER. To succeed Mr. Krishna Menon as High Commissioner for India in the United Kingdom. He is sixty-four and a former Chief Minister of Bombay. A member of the Congress Party, he is one of the most successful of the Indian administrators. Mr. Krishna Menon, who has been Indian High Commissioner in London since 1947, is to retire soon.



THE MAHARANI SEETA DEVI GAEKWAR OF BARODA WITH HER COLT AQUINO II., WHICH WON THE ASCOT GOLD CUP. The chief race on the third day of the Royal Ascot meeting was that in which the Gold Cup was won by the Maharani of Baroda's *Aquino II.*, ridden by Gordon Richards and trained by F. Armstrong. The colt won by three-quarters of a length from *Eastern Emperor*, with *Talma II.* two lengths away. *Aquino II.* was bred in France, and is by *Tornado* out of *Apulia*.



A NOTABLE CENTRE COURT MATCH TO OPEN THE 1952 ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON:
RICHARD SAVITT (LEFT), WHO SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED HIS SINGLES TITLE; IN PLAY AGAINST NARISH KUMAR.

The 1952 All-England Lawn Tennis Championships, that eagerly-awaited meeting of the giants of lawn tennis from many nations, opened in fine weather on Monday, June 23. In the initial match on the famous Centre Court, which will be the focus of every eye interested in tennis throughout the Wimbledon Championships, the holder of the Men's Singles Title, Richard Savitt, from New Jersey, U.S.A. (seeded No. 4), defended his crown against India's best, the Davis Cup player, Narish Kumar; and won without being fully extended by 6-1, 6-2, 6-0. Savitt has not had a very impressive lawn tennis year up to date, as, owing to injury, he failed in the American national meeting, and has not been played in the Davis

Cup, while he lost to Eric Sturges in Paris. But, in the opinion of many people, his chances of retaining the Wimbledon title were not to be dismissed lightly. He is a player of high quality, with a most powerful backhand. Other seeded players made their appearance in the all-masculine programme of matches on the opening day. M. G. Rose (seeded No. 8), the Australian player who lost to his compatriot Frank Sedgman (seeded No. 1) in the final of the London Lawn Tennis Championship at Queen's Club, met I. G. Ayre (Australia) in the second match on the Centre Court on the opening day; and Sedgman played J. Bartoli (Spain) on Court 2. On pages 1088-1089 we give portraits of the seeded players.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LOCAL MUSEUM MAKES HISTORY.

THERE is a flavour of adventure about visiting a museum, and this is particularly true of the smaller local museum. Usually it is housed in some unpretentious building, the Cinderella of the town's assets. Its handwritten labels, and its motley assortment of cabinets and glass-fronted cases testify alike to an insufficiency of financial support and the devoted labours of the curator. A heaven-sent haven for holiday-makers when the weather is bad, at other times it gives the opportunity for quiet contemplation. The element of adventure lies in its exploration, for while to the habitual museum-goer there may be little fresh in the majority of things on show, there is bound to be one thing worth the whole effort of searching, even in the least promising museum. Sooner or later one exhibit more particularly catches the eye, and using this like a clairvoyant's crystal one can conjure up the past and reconstruct in imagination the history of that part of the country. To those with eyes to see, a local museum can be a valuable index to the locality, revealing the soul of a community more surely than any guide-book.

There is, however, something more to it than this. A museum, whether local and in a small provincial town, municipal or national, is a cultural focal point. The number of museums scattered up and down the country, large or small, of a general nature or devoted to one particular subject, is surprisingly great. If nothing else, it is evidence of an inherent desire on the part of some people to organise a museum, and the desire on the part of many more to visit it. For these and other reasons we are justified in claiming that the museums form an integral part of our modern society. Yet, by a paradox, the vast majority of them, if not all of them, are perpetually struggling against financial adversity and subsist on enthusiasm rather than hard cash. In times of financial stringency, as now, the blow falls heavily, and this is apt to lead to a feeling that culture is something upon which we set a low value. It is pleasing to find, therefore, that at least one museum in the country, the Dorchester County Museum, when the larger museums are closing down their galleries, is opening a fresh wing, and thereby adding to the facilities offered to its visitors.

This museum has been described in one guide-book to the county of Dorset as "among the more modern buildings" of Dorchester. Founded in the middle of the nineteenth century, its original quarters were across the High Street from the present building, in the house where Judge Jeffreys lodged during the Bloody Assizes. Its present home was specially built for it, and this building, in a pseudo-Tudor style, huddles cheek by jowl with St. Peter's Church, and contrives to give the impression of being part of ancient Dorchester. Although called the County Museum, it is managed and maintained by the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, aided by a grant from the County Council in recognition of its educational work, and the

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

members of that Society may be justifiably proud of their present achievement. The name, County

Its study is essential to a complete understanding of ourselves and of our co-partners in the world, the plants and animals, upon which we depend for our ability to sustain life. To-day, the human race is creating more and more for itself an unnatural environment, and simultaneously with this, our natural resources are shrinking as the human populations increase. There is, therefore, a growing need for seeking not only a biological balance for the individual, but a biological balance in the world around. In other words, our choice is between a completely controlled nature—which is an idle dream—and one sympathetically understood.

Protection, preservation and conservation of our wild life are being striven for at the international and national levels, by State-aided or voluntary organisations in this and every other country throughout the world. Even so, those who are alive to the dangers form but a small minority of the total population, although their numbers are increasing. National parks, nature reserves and all such valuable and well-intentioned endeavours must, in the end, depend for success upon the informed co-operation and sympathetic understanding of the majority if the natural beauties and amenities, let alone the supplies essential to life itself, are to be salvaged and preserved for posterity. It is an unfortunate fact that the forces of destruction are more powerful than those of preservation.

Ninety-nine people may be banded in an effort to preserve the beauty of the countryside, but the hundredth, by leaving his litter and broken glass about, can undo all their work. Conservation in all its forms is in like case, and every recruit gained for the side of preservation is one less for the forces of spoliation. There is always the hope that a visitor to a natural history museum may have aroused in him sufficient interest to want to preserve rather than destroy.

The new Natural History wing in the Dorchester Museum presents, on its ground floor, a series of habitat groups of birds, calculated to catch the eye and arouse interest. Its upper floor, in some respects less spectacular, fulfils the three requirements of a museum—opportunities for research, preservation and exhibition. There are exhibits of mammals, birds and reptiles, of things to be found on the seashore, as well as of general topics such as insect camouflage, and everything shown relates to the county and is there to assist the field naturalist working in Dorset. The collection of insects is particularly fine, being representative of the county and containing specimens found nowhere else than in Dorset—so far. If research and preservation are the aim, then the exhibition of rarities of this sort must surely be a spur to the field-collector.

Dorchester is not the only town with a museum, nor the only museum with a natural history wing, but recent happenings there carry a message of hope, that even in these troubled and uncertain times there are still those prepared to look ahead and preserve for posterity.



ONE OF THE INGENUOUS DISPLAYS IN THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY WING OF THE DORCHESTER COUNTY MUSEUM: A SIMPLE DIORAMA SHOWING A TYPICAL HABITAT OF DOWNLAND INSECTS—WITH THE AID OF A PAINTED BACKGROUND AND OF ARTIFICIAL SHADOWS AN EFFECT OF DISTANCE IS PRODUCED IN A SMALL SPACE AND WITHOUT USING ELABORATE MATERIALS.

Museum, is intended to indicate that its exhibits cover the whole county of Dorset. Its main feature is a superb archaeological collection, extremely well laid out and rich in the relics left by the Ancient Britons and their Roman conquerors. Another of its features, appropriately enough, is a very complete collection of the works and relics of Thomas Hardy, in the newly enlarged Thomas Hardy Memorial Room.

When assisting at the official opening of the new Natural History wing on June 10 last, my thoughts were more on the function of these collections than on the collections themselves. The new wing represents five years of devoted labours by the two curators and their helpers, working against shortage of time and every other commodity. Under the best conditions, a single natural history exhibit is extremely difficult to set out and make intelligible to the layman. Yet never has the need for such exhibits been greater. Whether we admit it or not, the fact remains that biology, of which natural history is the living study, is the central science. Based on the laws of physics and chemistry, it embraces such seemingly remote sciences as psychology, sociology and a score of others.



FIRST FOUND AT DORCHESTER TEN YEARS AGO AND NOW EXHIBITED IN THE COUNTY MUSEUM: *Nomada errans* (A CUCKOO-BEE). The cuckoo-bees lay their eggs in the nests of other bees. *Nomada errans* was first found at Dorchester ten years ago, and the total number of known specimens in this country is less than half a dozen, most of which are in the Dorchester County Museum.



THE ONLY SPECIMEN SO FAR FOUND IN THE BRITISH ISLES: A SMALL FLY, *Actia exoleta*, FROM COOMBE WOOD. This small fly, *Actia exoleta*, is possibly parasitic on the larvæ of a moth. Although known from the Continent, this specimen, which was found in Coombe Wood in Dorsetshire, is exhibited in the Dorchester County Museum.



THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY WING OF THE DORCHESTER COUNTY MUSEUM: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UPPER FLOOR, WITH A STURGEON HANGING FROM THE CEILING IN THE FOREGROUND.

In the cases in the foreground of this photograph are displayed a selection of insects from the collection of Dr. D. C. Day, and beyond are exhibits of marine life, reptiles, some general cases of birds and various exhibits illustrating the elementary biological principles. At the head of the staircase, on a wall-desk, is a book of detailed information regarding the exhibits to which the visitor may refer. The sturgeon hanging from the ceiling is a reminder that this "Royal" fish sometimes reaches the British Isles. [Photographs by W. H. Cumming, Weymouth.]



THE GROWTH OF AN ISLAND VOLCANO: THE DIDICAS ROCKS, NORTH-EAST OF LUZON ISLAND, IN THE PHILIPPINES—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MARCH, WHEN ACTIVITY WAS FIRST REPORTED AND THE THREE ROCKY ISLETS HAD JUST GROWN IN A SINGLE VOLCANIC CONE. IT WAS THEN ABOUT 250 FT. HIGH.



NOW RISEN TO 800 FT. AND ABOUT 600 ACRES IN EXTENT: THE GROWING CONE OF THE DIDICAS VOLCANO—A RECENT AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH. THE MASTER OF A BRITISH SHIP HAS RECENTLY SENT A FACTUAL REPORT OF THE VOLCANO TO THE ADMIRALTY.

THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF A NEW VOLCANO: DIDICAS RISES FROM THE PHILIPPINE SEAS.

In our issue of March 29—from which we reprint the upper photograph of this pair—we reported the discovery of a new volcano, off the north-east coast of the island of Luzon, in the Philippines, some 315 miles north of Manila. The site was the Didicas Rocks, a group of three rocks in the Babuyan Islands. Steam had been reported coming from the area in 1900, and it was assumed that the rocks were the peaks of a submerged crater. In March it was reported that an eruption, still in progress, had forced a mass of rock above the surface of the sea

and united the three rocks into a single cone about 250 ft. high and some five acres in size. The Admiralty have now published a report by the master of the British steamship *Queen Anne* that the cone is now completely unified to the height of 800 ft., topped with a wide crater still in eruption. This report is further confirmed by our lower photograph, which was taken from a U.S. Navy amphibian aircraft. The area of this classic island volcano is now estimated at 600 acres, and is presumably still growing.



WALKING PAST THE STAR-AND-CRESCENT HEADSTONES OF THE TURKISH CEMETERY AT PUSAN: FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER, WITH MR. SELWYN LLOYD (LEFT) AND GENERAL VAN FLEET (RIGHT).



STUDYING THE KOREAN COMMUNISTS' POSITIONS FROM AN OBSERVATION POST OF THE 25TH CANADIAN BRIGADE: FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER WITH MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER (LEFT-CENTRE) TALKING AT KOJE ISLAND WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL BOATNER, THE NEW COMMANDER, WHO HAS RESTORED ORDER AT KOJE.



LIEUT-GENERAL J. W. O'DANIEL (LEFT) SHOWING TO LORD ALEXANDER SOME CAPTURED CHINESE WAR MATERIAL. BEHIND (L. TO R.), GENERALS CLARK AND VAN FLEET.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION FRONT: FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER (CENTRE) WITH MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS (LEFT) AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD (RIGHT).

On June 10 Field Marshal Lord Alexander, the Minister of Defence, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of State, arrived in Tokyo *en route* for Korea on a fact-finding trip. After discussions there with General Mark Clark, the U.N. Commander-in-Chief, he left for Seoul on June 12 for a three-day tour of the United Nations front, by light aircraft, helicopter, car and boat. During this tour he visited advanced positions, and saw many men not only of the British Commonwealth Division, but also of the American and other United Nations forces. At Seoul



DURING THE VISIT WHEN THEY EXPRESSED BRITISH OPINION ON KOREAN POLITICS: FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER (RIGHT) AND MR. LLOYD (LEFT) WITH MR. SYNGMAN RHEE.

on June 15 he said he found the military position much better than he had expected, and said that he was confident that a large-scale Chinese attack could be brought to a standstill. He then left for Pusan, where Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had already seen the South Korean President, Mr. Syngman Rhee, and himself saw Mr. Rhee, and it is understood that the Field Marshal and Mr. Lloyd have clearly expressed to the President British opinion on his unconstitutional actions. On June 18 the two Ministers left by air for Canada and the United States.

KOJE ISLAND: THE RESTORATION OF ORDER. BRIGADIER-GENERAL BOATNER'S OPERATION.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYDON L. BOATNER, THE COMMANDER OF THE KOJE ISLAND P.O.W. CAMP, LEANING FORWARD FROM A GUARD TOWER DURING THE "CLEAN-UP" OPERATIONS WHICH HAVE ENDED THE RIOTS.



ANTI-COMMUNIST PRISONERS, WITH HANDS RAISED, BREAKING OFF FROM THE REMAINDER, DURING THE TRANSFER OF PRISONERS IN COMPOUND 95. SOME DASHED THEIR RED-STARRED CAPS TO THE GROUND.



U.N. TROOPS SEARCHING THE DÉBRIS OF ONE OF THE TENTS IN COMPOUND 76, WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST DISTURBANCE. MANY TENT-POLES HAD BEEN TIPPED FOR USE AS SPEARS.



THE EVACUATION OF COMPOUND 95 TOOK PLACE QUIETLY: AND HERE THE COMPOUND'S SPOKESMAN (LEFT) IS SEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL BOATNER AFTER AGREEING TO THE TERMS OF THE MOVE.



CHINESE AND NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS BEING TRANSFERRED IN A BARBED-WIRED TRUCK FROM COMPOUND 78. ARMED U.N. TROOPS ARE STANDING BY IN CASE OF ANY ATTEMPTED OUTBREAK. THERE WAS NO TROUBLE.



IDENTIFIED BY AN ANTI-COMMUNIST PRISONER AS MEMBERS OF A "PEOPLE'S COURT" WHICH HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH: COMMUNIST PRISONERS, SOME VERY YOUNG, REMOVED FOR ISOLATION.

In our last issue we described the "Battle of Compound 76," when the opening of Brigadier-General Boatner's operation to clean up the dangerous situation in the Kojima Island P.O.W. Camp was marked by vicious resistance. We then stated that the total fatal casualties were thirty-one prisoners and one American. Since then, owing to the discovery of further victims of the Communist fanatics, the total figure has risen to forty-one. The evacuation of Compound 76 was without incident; but after the evacuation of Compound 77, the bodies of

sixteen victims of the prisoners' "people's courts" were found. In Compound 95, no fewer than 400 declared themselves anti-Communists, and were separated from the remainder. In Compound 66 trouble was expected but did not take place. Meanwhile, even in the new, small pens, the hard core of Compound 76 were defiant, and a trial and intended execution of one of their number was discovered just in time. The new prison pens are intended to house a maximum of 520 men each and are floodlit at night.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ONCE upon a time, there was a figure known to criticism as the "lady novelist." This term had many virtues in its day; it was assumed to designate a "kind of thing," it breathed a chivalrous contempt, and it applied to any woman who wrote fiction. But in its levelling, generic aspect it was always humbug, and it has not survived—not even in a proper sense. For even now the lady novelist occurs; she is a charming fact, but unpredictable and rare. On this all-feminine occasion there is no example of her. Indeed, there is no kind of uniformity. And I suppose that no one will expect it.

"The Abbot Sisters," by Mary-Carter Roberts (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), easily dominates the week. Also it has the biggest female content. It is about a house of women; and nearly all its characters are women, and moreover ladies, and spinster ladies in the main—and to complete the Cranfordish illusion, spinsters from the word go. But it has not the least affinity to "Cranford." It is more like Schopenhauer.

The scene is Newark, on the border of the Middle West; the opening year is 1905. And when the Abbots move into Park Road, there is no park or street—only a wild wood and a scattering of houses on an endless common, far out beyond the town. There are four Abbot girls, and Ma. At home they ranked with the noblesse—a village, innocent noblesse—but under Salic law; girls had no share in the inheritance. Instead, they had a claim to be looked after. That is not Maida's rôle, so she became a teacher at sixteen. But now, at forty-four, she has inherited; she has been left in charge of the old mother, who is nearly senile, and of the "girls," who are like children. And as a start, to keep the family united, she has bought this house. The "girls" don't think of asking how. They simply leave her to it.

And in her thirty years of wise and dedicated rule, the truth of all things promising—wisdom and family, the noble mind, the conjugal experiment, the civic dream—has time to work itself out. It is revealed at last to Cissy, the "afflicted" one. Cissy has never lived—but she has fervently believed. She thought the bond of family was everlasting. In that she lodged her trust, as Maida lodged it in the house, and Dr. Bedloe in the Town Park, and Bess in marriage with her tramp piano-tuner. All have been mocked alike. All faiths are mocked from the beginning; such is the scheme of things. And those who flourish in the end are not the good and wise, but the remorseless weak.

All this may sound a trifle glum, but then I have removed the flesh. And it includes two really memorable figures: Lily, whose need is to be "totally disabled" and devour her kin, and Fred, who needs to be a solitary genius. Lily especially should have three stars. Maida is first-rate in a quieter way; and the whole scene and subject has a gripping unity.

"Phoenix Rising," by Marguerite Steen (Collins; 12s. 6d.), winds up the saga of the Bristol Floods. The scale by this time is reduced, the scene has changed, the only Flood is a belated female. But there is no decline in verve, and I need hardly add, no tincture of the lady novelist. Indeed, this writer's fault is a determination to be no such thing. And it is clearly just the same with her Aldebaran—Flood through and through, but also a successful writer, of a distinctly mannish charm.

But though off-hand, Aldebaran is haunted. The guilt of the old slavers, and its retribution, has defaced her life. In Landy Sax she has a titled, charming, infinitely patient and, what is more, beloved swain—and yet she won't say yes. She says that Mildenhall is not her sphere; she says that Flood and Sax are incompatible; she bids him wait till she has seen America. She doesn't explain why. But it is true that she has vital business in America. The lecture tour is a façade; what she is really seeking is her own past.

And it is named Lee Marion. Throughout the tour, from end to end of the United States, through a succession of low dives and negro blues, she trails the vanished Lee, and he evades her. Until at last she comes to the Deep South, to the plantation home of Ruth Rodriguez and her daughter Diamond. This is the focal point. Far back, these people are her kin; and though she finds no Lee, Hammock reveals how he was bred, and how he might have ended. She has learnt all; and now it will be up to Landy. Plenty of vigour and excitement: a dash of sprightliness, which is less happy: a strange conventionality beneath the surface.

"Shadow of a Dream," by Charlotte Haldane (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 12s. 6d.), is about clairvoyance. And it is utterly romantic. Juliet, whose unacknowledged father is the Earl of Losse, grows up under his roof but never sees him. Except for Isabel, her nurse, and a familiar ghost, she has no company in life. And then Lord Losse gets married to a rich vulgarian, and sends the child away. Nannie becomes "Aunt Isabel"—but she is less than kind; she turns her little charge into a goose-girl for the profit of her own blood, a striving and ambitious nephew. And Henry wins the goose-girl, and forsakes her. . . .

Years after that, he is the husband of her sister, Lady Geraldine. Juliet has prospered, too, and has retained her "sight"; and Lady Geraldine is in dire distress. Juliet arrives too late to help—and the indignant husband charges her with fraud. Because he loves her still, and therefore hates her with a mortal hatred. There is a happy ending, if you call it that: and something of the lady novelist of olden days—for instance, Mrs. Henry Wood.

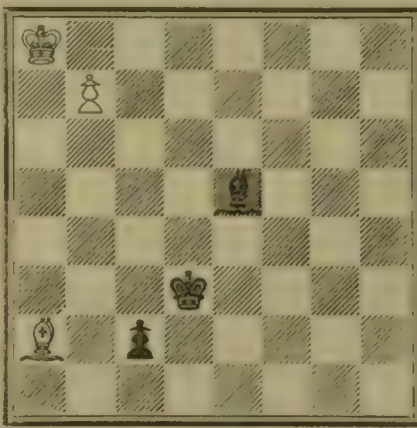
"The Widow of Bath," by Margot Bennett (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), is more astringent than it sounds. Everton has a past, which has reduced him from the diplomatic service to a round of seaside hotels; he is reporting their assorted horrors to a travel agency. And he has just run slap into old times: into the glittering Lucy, who destroyed him, and the so-gentlemanly Atkinson, whom he has known too well, but by another name. They are with ex-judge Bath, Lucy's retired but formidable husband. Lucy is as glittering as ever, and she lures him back—this time, to alibi a spot of murder. At first, this story is too acid and befogged. But it improves with time, and it is certainly distinguished.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's two positions have a common chord: White (to move) saves an apparently hopelessly lost game and draws, by exploiting the same theme, in each case. Solutions are below.

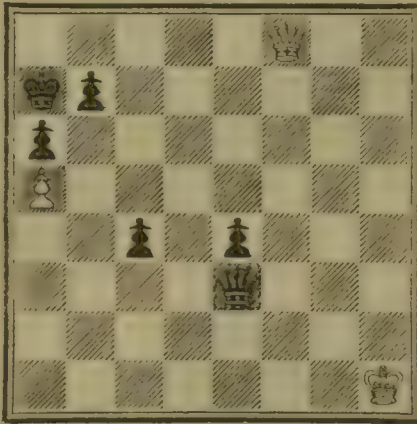
BLACK.



WHITE.

It seems that White can do nothing against the threatened queening of Black's pawn, whereas White's pawn is well under surveillance. Within two moves, however, White can force the draw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Astounding as it may seem at first glance, it only requires one move by White here to convince Black of the uselessness of further play. What is it?

The theme of both positions is stalemate. Condemned by many (T. H. Tylor, for instance) as illogical, it is the stalemate rule which makes it impossible in many positions to win with king, bishop and pawn against king; or with king and two knights against king or—most commonly and often most annoyingly of all!—with king and pawn against king.

In the first diagram, White plays 1. P-Kt8(Q), then, after the reply 1... B×Q, the pretty 2. B-Kt1—for 2... P×B(Q) leaves him stalemated! For Black to promote on move 2 to a rook, or bishop or knight helps not one bit. Nor is 1... P-B8(Q) any good.

In the second, 1. Q-B2! leaves Black only the choice between losing his queen or, by 1... Q×Q, placing White in stalemate.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE FAMILIAR, THE INCREDIBLE AND THE ODD.

I FIND scientists, bless their hearts, highly diverting. In a world where so much is uncertain, theirs is the only certainty. Nothing fascinates me more than their statistics, and no book could make more agreeable reading to the unscientific layman than "Life on Other Worlds," by Sir Harold Spencer-Jones (English Universities Press; 12s. 6d.). The Astronomer-Royal, though he does burst out a bit into formulae in the chapter headed "The Conditions for the Existence of Life," has a splendid knack of writing in a way which even I can understand, and so interestingly that I am kept goggle-eyed and spellbound. Take those statistics. It is heartening to find that there is little chance of collision between the stars and stellar systems which comprise the Milky Way.

The "milky" of the Milky Way is apparently due to the fact that we are fairly far out from the centre in the thin, pocket-watch shape, unimaginable conglomeration of stars which constitutes our universe, and when we look at the Milky Way we are seeing through this disc in its greatest depth. As the Astronomer-Royal dryly puts it: "The stars are so far apart that our stellar universe as a whole is comparatively empty. We have seen that the nearest star is 25 million miles away, and it is therefore clear that the neighbourhood of the Sun is pretty free from stars." I like that "pretty free" almost as much as Sir James Jeans's calculation that "an actual collision between two stars can occur on the average only once in 600,000 billion years." Sir Harold's cheerful certainties lead him to the conclusion that where there is an adequate supply of energy and the right amount of carbon and other suitable substances and conditions "the complex organic substances which form the basis of living cells not only can arise, but will arise." Although he modestly admits that "how the step from these complex organic substances to the simple living cell is made, is not known," he declares roundly that it is reasonable to suppose that "whenever in the Universe the proper conditions arise, life must inevitably come into existence. This is the view that is generally accepted by biologists." But not by theologians, and it seems to me just conceivable that a view of this sort may in future be regarded as being as quaint as the theory held by the Astronomer-Royal's seventeenth-century predecessors in the Royal Society that a swarm of bees could be spontaneously generated from the putrescent bowels of a dead lion. Sir Harold's flights into the unknown and unknowable apart, however, I found my attention riveted by this book. I am fascinated to be told, for example, that an explorer on the moon would be roasted during the long lunar day at a temperature of considerably higher than the boiling-point of water on earth, frozen at night and almost certainly riddled like a colander by the meteors which disintegrate in the earth's atmosphere, but which would bombard him on the moon's atmosphereless surface. The chapter on Mars is the most interesting of the lot, as it appears that a life of some sort is possible on that planet—though gradually doomed to extinction through a progressively lessening supply of oxygen. Although the Astronomer-Royal, having most fairly and fascinatingly stated them, tends to debunk Lowell's theory that the "canals" on Mars and the apparent spread of vegetation in the summer are clear evidence of a race of intelligent beings, making use of the annual melting of the polar ice-cap to offset the increasing desiccation by irrigation, he does plump for the existence of life of a kind on the planet. A most interesting book and an excellent *vade mecum* for the diner-out or conversationalist.

From the spherul to the chimeral. Mr. Peter Lum's "Fabulous Beasts" (Thames and Hudson; 15s.) is a delightful incursion into the rich and strange world of superstition and folk history. The oddness of the lore which Mr. Lum extracts from the cherished beliefs of East and West ranges from hydra and minotaurs through those dangerous creatures basilisks and cockatrices to gryphons, wyverns, centaurs and hypogriffs and to the gentler charms of mermaids, of whom one, the famous Mélusine, founded the house of Lusignan, one of her descendants becoming the King of Jerusalem and Cyprus, and gave the expression "Pousser des cris de Mélusine" to the French language. Naturally, the relationship between gods, fabulous beasts and man himself is confused and blurred, for it is ever man's way to give his deities and his superstitions anthropomorphic form. One curiosity revealed by the book is that dragons, so comparatively innocuous and even beneficent in the East, become nastier and more terrible the farther West they are found. The only criticism I have to make of the book is that the excellent illustrations by Anne Marie Jauss have no captions, so that one has perpetually to refer back to their index at the beginning. Mr. Lum warns his readers that surprises are still possible in the animal kingdom, as in the past hundred years many parts of the world have produced "several unexpected and previously unknown beasts," and that we would be wise "not to make too definite a distinction between what is, or may have been, and what is not."

Dr. Maurice Burton's "Curiosities of Animal Life" (Ward Lock; 17s. 6d.) underlines this. There is so much which is curious and improbable in known insect and animal life that the possibility of further discoveries in the still inaccessible parts of the world, such as are set out in his chapter on "losses and rediscoveries" cannot be ruled out. This most readable book, which I put in the same class as that of the Astronomer-Royal, is packed with interest from end to end.

Invaluable to the teacher of natural history in schools, to the question-harassed parent, and to the young student are four volumes, all by H. Trevor Jones, in the Nature Field Series (Warne; 6s. each). The first deals with wild flowers, grasses and ferns, fungi and trees. The second with birds and wild animals, including marine mammals, the third with insects and spiders (I was not wholly satisfied with the fullness of the section dealing with lepidoptera, but perhaps in the nature of things, this is inevitable), and "Shore Life," which includes fishes and a chapter on the various types of clouds and the various types of weather to be encountered throughout the world.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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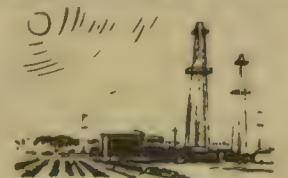
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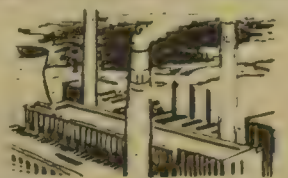
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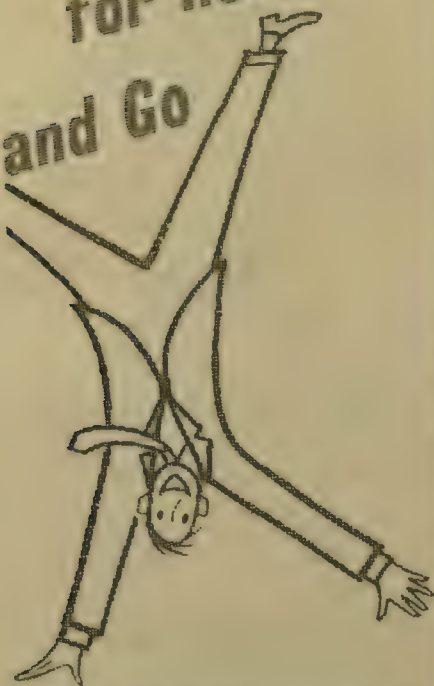
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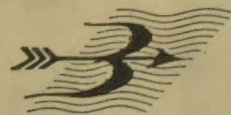
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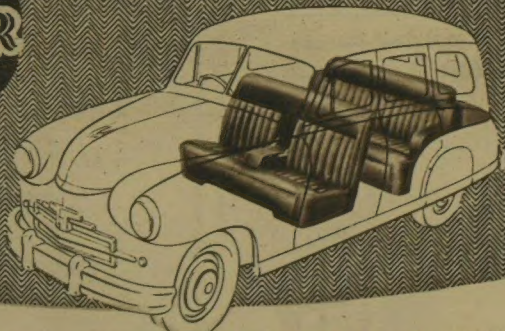
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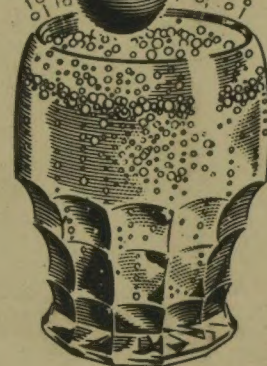
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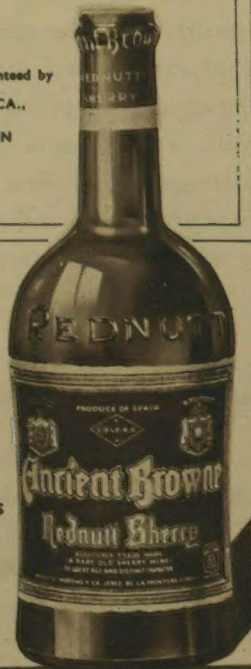


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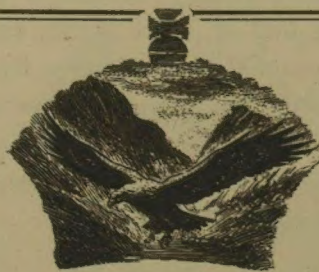
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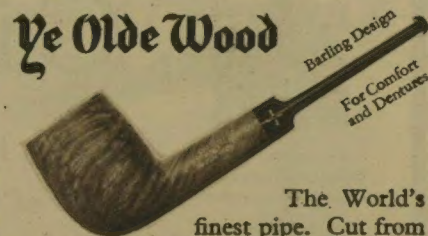
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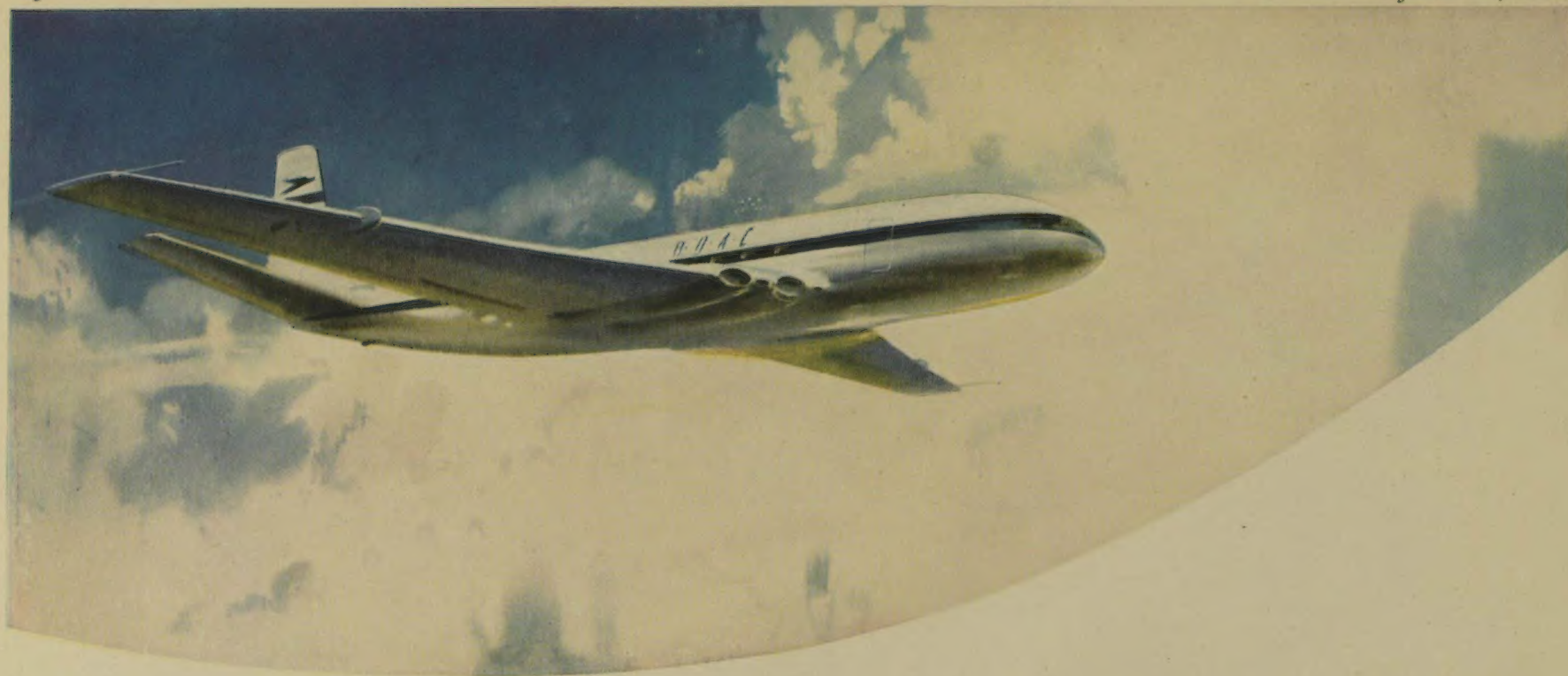
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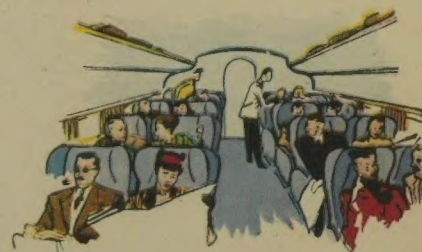
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